

CLAUDE CLAWSON

GN
M205
134
1916
June
1916

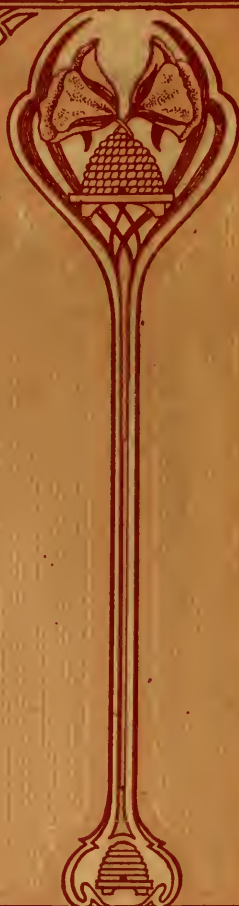
Improvement Era



Vol. XIX

June, 1916

No. 8



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah



Sympathy Is Grateful

When you're sorrowing. But it doesn't pay bills. An insurance policy is full of the right sort of sympathy when your property is destroyed. And no one should neglect to secure protection against such a contingency. We give you the maximum of insurance at minimum of cost. Let us quote you rates.

Home Fire Insurance Co. of Utah

Salt Lake City, Utah. 22 Main Street.
"Keep Money at Home."

Joseph Smith as Scientist

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe

One of the best scientific expositions of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith yet published.

Cloth Binding.....75c

Paper Binding25c

Send orders to MORONI SNOW,
General Secretary,
20-22 Bishop's Building,
Salt Lake City.

TELEPHONE, Wasatch 351

Jos. Wm. Taylor

Utah's Leading Undertaker
and Licensed Embalmer

Fine Funeral Chapel, Private Parlor,
Show Rooms and Morgue

OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

21, 23 and 25 South West Temple Street
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Announcement

The New and Third
Edition of

"Jesus The Christ"

By Elder James E. Talmage

Will be ready for delivery

JUNE 5th

Two editions, a total of 15,000,
is entirely sold out

Orders will be filled in the
sequence of their date

Deseret News Book Store



Luxurious Comfort

In Southern California and en Route.

\$40.00 ROUND TRIP

DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 1st

To LOS ANGELES including
SAN DIEGO or SAN FRANCISCO

LIBERAL LIMITS AND STOPOVERS



Ticket Office
10 E. Third South,
Salt Lake City.

J. H. Manderfield, A.G.P.A.

Joseph F. Smith

BY C. C. GOODWIN

(*Goodwin's Weekly*, April 8, 1916)

A more kindly and benevolent man has seldom held an exalted ecclesiastical position in these latter days than President Joseph F. Smith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Passing down the seventy-seventh year of the highway of life, and living with broad tolerance of the affairs of men he stands a commanding influence in his state. To his people he is the great spiritual leader. To men at large he is a man of wide sympathies, great business acumen and a born leader of the great institution of which he is the head.

One, who has known him for two generations, says of him: "Once stern and unrelenting, he has mellowed as the years go on, until he sees but the good in humanity and forgives men their trespasses."

His early life was of great hardship, surviving as he did many adventures and many soul-rending experiences that try the hearts of men.

He is the son of Hyrum Smith, second patriarch of the Church and brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was born November 13, 1838, at Far West, Missouri. He came into the world at the beginning of the early troubles of his people. His mother fled with him from Nauvoo Illinois.

At the age of eight years he drove an ox team across the desert. He reached Salt Lake with his mother September 23, 1848. For the next six years he endured terrible hardships in common with the pioneers. In the year 1854 he was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, returning to Utah in 1858. He went on a mission to Great Britain in 1860, returning in 1863. He returned to the Sandwich Islands in 1864 and afterwards was employed in the office of the Church historian.

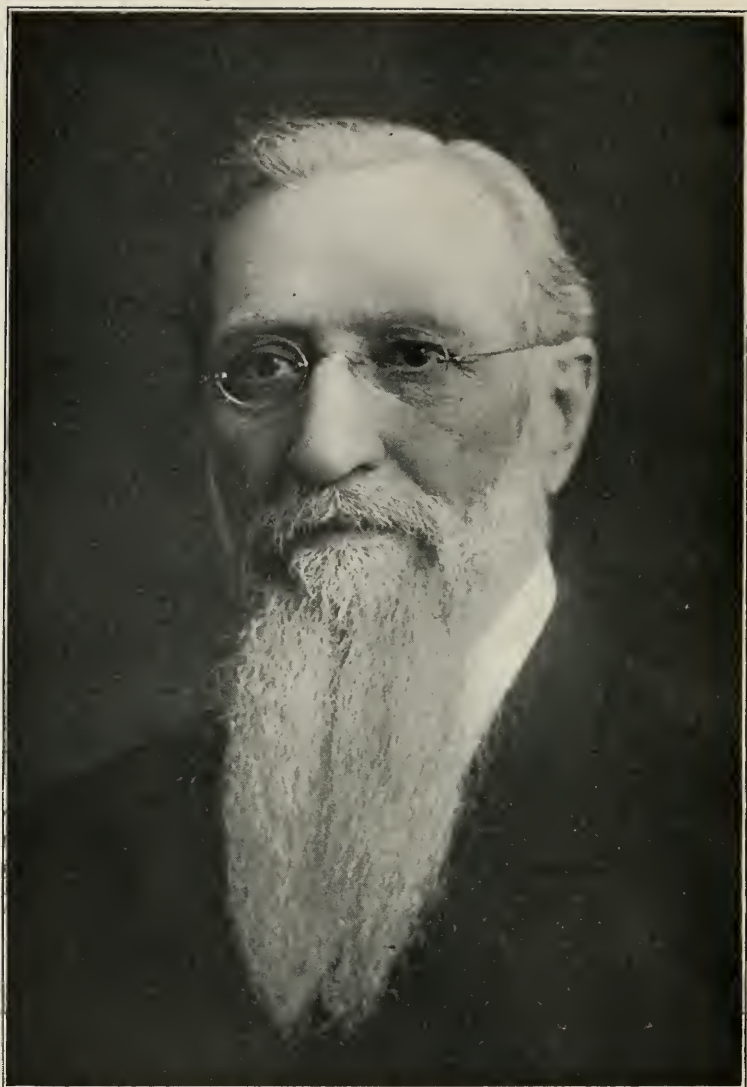
He was in charge of the endowment house after the death of President Young until it was closed. On July 1, 1866, he was ordained as an apostle.

From that time until this his service to the "Mormon" Church has been a record of large achievements.

He served in England on another mission in 1874 and 1875 and in 1877 went to England on his third mission. On account of the death of President Young he was chosen second counselor to President John Taylor, in October, 1880, holding the same position under Presidents Woodruff and Snow. Upon the death of President Snow he succeeded to the First Presidency. Under his direction the Church has grown in power until it is accounted one of the most perfectly organized bodies in existence. As trustee of the vast properties of the Church he has become one of its greatest financial leaders.

His life all these years has been lived with great simplicity, constant labor, and great personal frugality.

He stands today a patriarch ruling with a gentle hand over a people blessed with such prosperity as few religious bodies have ever known.



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.
(From his latest photo, by H. H. Thomas)

"A more kindly and benevolent man has seldom held an ecclesiastical position in these latter days than President Joseph F. Smith. * * His life all these years has been lived with great simplicity, constant labor, and great personal frugality. He stands today a patriarch ruling with a gentle hand over a people blessed with such prosperity as few religious bodies have ever known."—JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XIX

JUNE, 1916

No. 8

The Pioneers*

BY C. C. GOODWIN

It is good to see the Saints bring their children in to conference. We wonder if many of them stop to tell their children the beautiful story of the evolution that the full history pictures, since the day that the first weary company came down the eastern mountains and halted here.

That was Salt Lake's first moving picture; there has been none like it since. Contemplating it, the temple, the hotels, theatres, churches, hospitals, great business houses and stately homes; the temples to Religion, to Learning, to Industry, to Justice and Mercy all vanish away; the roar of business becomes still; the silence which the desert broods comes back; gardens vanish, the flowers all fade; there is nothing as now seen save the surrounding mountains; the lake shimmering in the distance, the sun shining down from above, and the desolation that wrapped all this region 'round like a burial robe. Even the branches on the few stunted trees hung drooping like funeral plumes, while the sigh of the breeze coming down from the hills or up from the lake was as mournful as is the requiem chanted on the shores of the Styx.

The way a state is carved out of a wilderness and rounded into form is always an interesting theme. The way the first

*Reprinted from *Goodwin's Weekly*, April 3, 1916.

stakes of civilization were driven in Utah was dramatic enough to be set to words for the stage. In their penury and distress, the first act of the Utah pioneers was to sink upon the earth; not in prayer for help, not in lamentation and despair, but in a glad Praise Service and in thanks to the Power that had led them through the waste and over the transfixed billions of the everlasting hills to a place of rest.

Then their work began. They were not dreaming of fortunes.

The struggle before them was to live and that struggle continued almost without abatement to the end. Often only the barest necessities were vouchsafed; few comforts, no luxuries. In that rough friction their youth was worn away; the men surrendered their ambitions, the women folded fond dreams and a thousand innocent longings in their hearts and drew the silence of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation over them forever.

But then a miracle commenced. The desert began to transfer the wrinkles and the sadness from its sombre face to theirs, while in turn it began to absorb the splendor of their youth, and to cause it to be reflected in flowers and fruits and golden grain and vines in which the birds made their nests and filled all the soft air with their songs.

Later still, as though touched with pity, the irresponsive mountains began to swing back their adamant doors revealing the treasures within, where they had remained secreted, waiting until the time should be ripe for the coming of progress and enlightenment.

The over-wearied eyes of those Pioneers have mostly all closed; their hands, gnarled by labor, are nearly all folded, but the miracle is still being performed. More and more fields are annually rescued from the desert; more and more flowers are blooming; more and more birds are singing; wider and wider fields grow golden under the harvest sun, recalling the old legend, that artist angels, in the long ago, came here from Summerland and with divine pencils, dipped in the dyes where light is brewed, painted these mountains, with their dawns and sunsets that turn them to gold, and left it all as a frame for a city beautiful which man was to build; we may believe that the building of that city has been begun and is progressing toward perfection.

This is the story that should be told the children when they are brought into conference, and then they should be told to listen and note if they cannot still hear the echoes of that first Praise Service, with which the fathers dedicated this soil to the enlightenment which comes through devotion to duty, through the omnipotence of patient labor, and through faith in God.

The Character of Brigham Young

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

The recurrence of President Brigham Young's birthday on the first day of June, naturally leads our thoughts to the great man whose character is so indelibly stamped upon the history of the people he loved and for whom he labored. It might not be amiss to pause in our tasks and contemplate, for a short time, the value of his life and work. He was a shining example of what one man can do who unstintingly gives his talents and his time to the furtherance of the general good; to the establishment of truth and righteousness among men. The high estimate in which he is held, and the devotion accorded him, are well deserved rewards for his years of loyal and willing service to the people.

President Young was asked, at one time, why he did not write something of his life's history. His answer was that he was too busy making history to bother with writing it. His grand maxim was that of the philosopher, "Activity is the soul of life." Throughout the long course of his years, he waged a constant battle with facts and things, fighting his way through with valor and courage; an up-hill fight, too, from the beginning, but which led finally to a great and splendid achievement.

He who would write of President Young must, therefore, look principally to his deeds.

In searching the libraries for books which deal with the life and times of President Young, one finds much written and said both for and against him. His enemies were profuse in their abuse of him. By book and magazine writers who passed through Salt Lake City, he was generally worse than misunderstood; or else they deliberately misrepresented him. On the other hand, by those who knew him best, and were, therefore, his friends, he was idolized. Homage and devotion were paid to him such as have seldom been accorded to any other man. His word was law, but it was just law. As law-giver he held his position by the supreme confidence of the people. It was only among his enemies that he was held in fear and suspicion,—those who sought to destroy what he sought to establish. Yet, as the years go by, behold how the tide of abuse is turned to praise, even among his enemies. The mist and the fog of misunderstanding that hid him from the outside world are generally lifting. More and more, he is coming to be regarded by all as the exceptional and remarkable man that he was. College professors of history,

not inclined to believe anything without abundant proof, will now tell you that his name stands pre-eminent in the history of the development of the Western states. As time goes on, and as men and events adjust themselves, in the true and proper light of history, Brigham Young will yet be recognized as one of the foremost characters America has produced.

But, to analyze some of those admirable qualities which made President Young stand out as a man among men, made of the rough laboring boy of Port Byron a master statesman, a Prophet of God.

It has been said that "Mormonism" made Brigham Young. I think he himself would have been one of the last to deny that; in fact he often affirmed it. It found him in Western New York, an unlearned boy, with only "eleven days' schooling," painting wooden buckets, repairing canal boats, and turning his hand to whatever work he could do for a livelihood. Through years of bitter toil, yet most loyal and faithful service on his part, by degrees, it elevated him to the very pinnacle of honor and fame. One can well conclude that "Mormonism" made Brigham Young; but it must also be borne in mind that he permitted it to make him, and was ever willing and anxious it should do so. "Mormonism" made Brigham Young largely through Brigham's own efforts. From the very first he labored with his whole heart and soul for it and in it.

Of the original twelve apostles, co-workers of the Prophet Joseph, how many of them did "Mormonism" make? Your Church history will tell you that in the midst of trial and heavy opposition some fell away like Autumn leaves. At least half of them were not willing to be "made" at all; constantly setting up their own judgments against a higher judgment; rendering themselves useless; blocking their own way. But there was Brigham, "being made" by being true, by being willing, faithful, and by rendering devout obedience to the will of God, and loyal service to his Prophet leader! No system can elevate a man to greatness, without his being willing and anxious for such elevation.

Brigham's missionary service illustrates the kind of a man he was. It may be a rather startling revelation to the young missionary of today to read what follows. It shows the self-sacrificing determination of the man. I quote his own words, from a sermon delivered in Salt Lake City, August, 1856:

"When the brethren were talking about starting a press in New York, and how it has been upheld, I did wish to relate an incident in my own experience. In company with several of the Twelve, I was sent to England, in 1839. We started from home without purse or scrip, and most of the Twelve were sick; and those who were not sick when they started were sick on the way to Ohio; Brother Taylor



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG

GOVERNOR OF UTAH 1850-1858

Copy of the first daguerrotype taken in Utah, Dec. 12, 1850, by C. W. Carter.

was left to die by the road-side by old Father Coltrin, though he did not die. I was not able to walk to the river, not so far as across this block, no, not more than half as far; I had to be helped to the river, in order to get into a boat to cross it. This was about our situation.

"I had not even an overcoat. I took a small quilt from the trundle bed, and that served for my overcoat, while I was traveling through the State of New York, when I had a coarse satinnet overcoat given to me. Thus we went to England to a strange land to sojourn among strangers.

"When we reached England, we designed to start a paper, but we had not the first penny to do it with. I had enough to buy a hat and pay my passage to Preston, for from the time I left home, I had worn an old cap which my wife made out of a pair of old pantaloons; but the most of us were entirely destitute of means to buy even any necessary article."

That is the kind of service Brigham Young gave to the Church. That is how "Mormonism" made him. He gave it all he had, and received back his greatness in return. It is highly significant to me, this trip from Nauvoo to England, "entirely destitute of means," wearing "a cap made out of a pair of old pantaloons," that the people of those islands should hear the gospel. Another paragraph from the same speech:

"I came into this Church in the spring of 1832. Previous to my being baptized, I took a mission to Canada at my own expense; and from the time that I was baptized, until the day of our sorrow and affliction, at the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, no summer passed over my head but what I was traveling and preaching, and the only thing I ever received from the Church, during over twelve years, and the only means that were ever given me by the Prophet, that I now recollect, was in 1842, when Brother Joseph sent me the half of a small pig that the brethren had brought to him."

Twelve years, probably the best years, too, out of the life of a man like Brigham Young! Really it is enough to make some of us of today who talk of our allegiance to the Church humble ourselves to the very dust! But he was preparing, and the Lord remembered him in after years, both spiritually and with the things of a temporal nature.

That Brigham Young was destined to become a great leader is brought out by the fact that he was a great servant, great in what he was able to give! With the possible exception of the Prophet's brother, Hyrum, no one served the cause more loyally, faithfully, intelligently than he. For twelve years, he put his magnificent energy to the wheel, working like a faithful trojan. I fancy Joseph often thanked his Heavenly Father for this loyal, true and willing servant at his side, who was as a strong right arm, with a love between man and man, such as seldom exists. Brigham was the great, true brother friend, warding off enemies, ready to give his life, if need arise; loving his leader more than he loved himself.

For example, recall that fateful council held "in the upper

room" of the Kirtland temple, in 1837, at which several of the apostles, the witnesses of the Book of Mormon, and leading elders, were present to depose Joseph. The very heart of the Church, arrayed in foul desertion, bent to destroy the boy Prophet and his work! They on the one side; Brigham Young on the other. We are fortunate in having his own words pertaining to his part in the matter:

"I rose up and told them, in a plain and forcible manner, that Joseph was a prophet, and I knew it, and that they might rail at and slander him as much as they pleased, they could not destroy the appointment of the Prophet of God, they could only destroy their own authority, cut the thread which bound them to the prophet of God and sink themselves to hell."

Those were strong words, but not too strong. As a matter of fact, the "reformers" ran into a stone wall when they tried to divert Brigham Young from his path; a stone wall which almost diverted them in the direction he had foretold they would go. Whither the confusion might spread, and what damage it might have done, had this great friend not thrown his great influence to stem it, cannot be determined.

To this principle of intelligent loyalty, more than to any other, I believe can be attributed President Young's rise in the Church. He had the admirable characteristic of persistently standing by what he believed. Naturally, it did not take Joseph long to recognize the value of such a man. The Prophet was harassed, slandered and persecuted by false friends and brethren, as well as by open and avowed enemies. Consider, then, the worth of a friend who was always and forever a friend, who stood as firmly loyal to him in trial and trouble, as in peace and prosperity.

At the death of Joseph came the supreme crisis. The founder, the leader, the Prophet, seemingly the very life of the organization, was gone. Dismay was on the faces of the people. The dire news came as a stunning blow. What to do now? Many asked, and there was no answer! Trembling lips and stunned senses could not speak. But away back in New Hampshire, there was the man who knew what to do. He would speak soon, and with his God-given wisdom and force would save the day. By clear insight, by untiring labor, and by devout humility and divine guidance, he would gather up the scattered forces and build mightily upon a rock, such an edifice as the world before had never seen:

"The first thing I thought of was whether Joseph had taken the keys of the kingdom with him from the earth. Brother Orson Pratt sat on my right; we were both leaning back in our chairs. Bringing my hand down on my knee, I said, 'The keys of the kingdom are right here with the Church.'"

And it was so. Brigham was one of the first, if not the first, to comprehend it.

Then that eventful day at Nauvoo, when a decision must be reached by all the people. There they were assembled, praying in their heart of hearts that the God of Joseph would not forsake them. So much they had suffered for this which they had laid to their souls. Was it all to vanish now, and leave them broken-hearted, deceived, facing, as it were, the black night? But, listen! "Brother Brigham" speaks. What is he saying?

"I have spared no pains to learn my lessons of the kingdom, in this world and in the eternal worlds; and if it were not so, I could go and live in peace; but for the gospel and for your sakes, I shall stand in my place. Does this Church want it as God organized it? or do you want to clip the power of the Priesthood and let those who have the keys of the Priesthood go and build up the kingdom in all the world, wherever the people will hear them? If there is a spokesman, if he is a king and priest, let him go and build up a kingdom to himself; that is his right, and it is the right of many here, but the Twelve are at the head of it. If ten thousand men rise up and say they have the Prophet Joseph Smith's shoes, I know they are imposters. I tell you, in the name of the Lord, that no man can put another between the Twelve and the Prophet Joseph! Why? Because Joseph was their file leader, and he has committed into their hands the keys of the kingdom in this last dispensation, for all the world; do not put a thread between the Priesthood and God. We have a head, and that head is the Apostleship, the spirit and power of Joseph, and we can now begin to see the necessity of that Apostleship. The Twelve can manage the affairs of the Church and direct all things aright. Brother Joseph, the Prophet, has laid the foundation for a great work, and we will build upon it; you have never seen the quorums built one upon another. There is an almighty foundation laid, and we can build a kingdom such as there never was in the world."

Well, I would put the hour of that speech as the supreme one in the life of Brigham Young. The hour in which he brought order out of confusion; giving joy, light and hope to grieved and weary souls, shedding a ray of calm sunshine over the whole scene where the storm had raged and wrecked. The hour in which he drew nearest to God, and in which God drew near to him. What he said and did there meant life to those about him, meant joy and peace to you and me, and to countless thousands yet unborn.

One can get an idea, too, of his marvelous, prophetic powers from the last sentence quoted in that great speech. "There is an almighty foundation laid, and we can build a kingdom such as there never was in the world." I call upon the reader to witness whether that statement, made nearly seventy-two years ago, is true. It is most remarkable, that in those early, struggling days, there was a man who beheld the purposes and will of God relating to us, even better than many of us know it now.

Of the trek across the wilderness, and Brigham's selection of these valleys as a permanent home for the Saints, the principal facts are well known. It is sufficient for our purposes to note

the part he played and the judgment he rendered. In the first place, there is all the daring that was manifested in the move West. But Joseph had foretold that the Saints would go, and so they went—that was all there was to it, as far as Brigham was concerned. What Joseph prophesied that would be fulfilled. To that thought Brigham had long since dedicated his life.

When questioned, on the way West, where the caravan would stop, President Young replied that he would know the place when he saw it. Beholding Salt Lake Valley, he readily declared, "This is the place!" A few weeks previous Samuel Brannan had traveled overland from California to meet the pioneers, and induce them to settle in Sacramento Valley. Sacramento Valley! then the very cream of all the agricultural land in the West. But President Young stoutly refused to hear of Brannan's proposition. Brannan, discouraged and disappointed, could not understand why the barren desert of Salt Lake Valley, should be chosen in preference to the perfumed, fertile plain, and the perpetual sunshine of the Sacramento.

There might have been many who could not understand, but Brigham did. To quote from a sermon of his delivered June 7, 1857,

"As I have often said, I am thankful to a fulness that the Lord has brought us to these barren valleys, to these sterile mountains, to this desolate waste, where only Saints can or would live, to a region that is not desired by anyone else on the earth." And again he vehemently declares, "We have come to this place to rear Saints."

I will leave it to another than myself to delineate what would have happened had President Young followed Brannan's advice and led the "Mormon" caravans into Sacramento Valley where, within two years' time, there was witnessed the greatest gold rush ever known, and where, within ten years, 456 million dollars' worth of the shining metal was dug from the sands.

Of President Young's long period as guide and leader of the Church in these valleys, covering more than thirty years, much might be said. It was a time of continued anxiety, trouble and difficulty. The powers of the great man were often taxed to the limit, yet he stood steadily by his task, without faltering. There was the safe conducting of emigrants across the plains, the founding of new settlements, the Indian wars, the dealings with bitter-minded, prejudiced men sent here to govern, the building of railroads, the erection of great buildings, the combating of enemies, at home, who were bent to destroy, and the preaching of the gospel abroad. In all his varied career, with its many difficult situations, few are the things in which he was not victorious.

And throughout, how zealously he labored, the one grand hope of his life being to "do his bit" for the furtherance of the

kingdom. It was his all-absorbing ambition. As other men, he had his faults, failings and weaknesses, but how they simmer away when measured up to the mighty efforts he put forth for righteousness! For thirty years, here in these valleys, he dedicated his life "To build up the Church and Kingdom of God." All around and about us are the evidences of his effort.

His calling people to form little settlements in near and remote parts of the Great Basin, and to establish themselves temporarily, reflect greatly to the credit of his judgment and wisdom. By encouraging agriculture, and by discouraging vain and silly pursuits after wealth, he saw the whole people gradually root themselves permanently to mother earth where they had chosen to make their home. May he not often have reflected upon that prophecy of his? "There is an almighty foundation laid, and we can build a kingdom such as there never was in the world."

Of his preaching, a word might be said. Up to the time President Young joined the Church, the last thing on earth he ever thought himself to become was a preacher. In fact, he once stated publicly, "had it not been that I clearly saw and understood that the Lord Almighty would take the meek things of this earth to confound the mighty, the wise and the talented, there was nothing that could have induced me or persuaded me to have become a public speaker." He was not naturally an orator, but I do claim that he was a great preacher; one of the greatest, if not greatest, among the Latter-day Saints, during the time he presided over them. One may go through volume after volume of the *Journal of Discourses* without finding sermons equal to his. There are interesting, instructive and learned discourses in those volumes, but I would say that Brigham's sermons stand out pre-eminently as faith-promoting. The kind of sermon which, when a man comes out of a church where he has heard it, he sets his teeth, clenches his fists, and says to himself, "I must, I will be a better man."

Brigham Young could preach that kind of a sermon, though he was not skilled in book-learning nor did he strain after oratorical effect at all. Faith-inspiring! Out of the great, genuine personality of the man, who had convinced himself to his heart's core, went the convincing influence into the hearts of his listeners. The Germans have a saying which reads, '*Was aus dem Herzen kommt, geht zu Herzen*' (What comes from the heart, goes to other hearts.) This is what, to my mind, distinguished Brigham as a preacher, and is, after all, really the kind of preaching worth hearing.

Another thing that forces itself to one's attention in reading the sermons of President Young is the clear and distinct knowledge he had of the doctrines, the objects and purposes, of his religion. His purely doctrinal sermons are models of clearness

and lucidity. He avoided the speculative and the hazy for the clear. "When I first commenced preaching," he once said, "I made up my mind to declare the things that I understood. The kingdom of our God," he said again, "that is set up on the earth, does not require men of many words and flaming oratorical talents to establish truth and righteousness." (*J. D.*, Vol. 4, page 20). He spoke simply, and of the things he knew: "That the Lord lives, that he has revealed himself in this our day, that he has given us a prophet, and brought forth a new and everlasting covenant for the restoration of Israel." To young Latter-day Saints, fruitful and faith-inspiring hours may be enjoyed by reading with studious care the sermons of President Young.

How he dealt with material things, and how he regarded them, throws interesting light upon his character. It is well-known that during his youth and early years, he had known and felt the bitter pinch of poverty; and then, in later life, he acquired wealth, and could command almost all that money could buy. But I want to claim for him that the accumulation of great wealth did not make him a happier nor more blessed man, and did not detract from the humility he manifested in the days of his penury. He knew the uses of wealth, and also its uselessness. He did not need it to be a true Latter-day Saint; and if God should choose to take it away from him, there would be no drooping of countenance on his part. I find him publicly declaring in the tabernacle,

"Brother Brigham can get along with as little as any man in Israel."

In a sermon on April 8, 1862, he said:

"Riches do not consist of gold and silver. It may be said that with them we can buy all the comforts we need for the body. That may be so, under certain circumstances; still, gold and silver are merely a convenient means of exchange. The possession of all the gold and silver in the world would not satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul of man. The gift of the Holy Spirit of the Lord, alone can produce a good, wholesome, contented mind."

There is a glance into the depths of philosophy! That Brigham Young, the shrewd business man, should make such a statement, reveals the powers and scope of his mind.

Finally, let me say of him, that I regard him in the highest measure, as a great, true Latter-day Saint, and servant of God; a chosen man, sent to play his part in the building of a kingdom, "such as there never was in the world."

Less than two months after his death, President John Taylor said of him:

"Brigham Young needs no fictitious aid to perpetuate his memory; his labors have been exhibited during the last forty-five years. In his preaching, in his writing, in his counsels, in the wisdom and intelligence he displayed in our exodus from Nauvoo, in the building of cities throughout the length and breadth of this territory, in his opposition to vice, and his protection to virtue, purity and right."

What Love Is

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

What is love? Can speech define it?
Love is mightier than language.
Can the lesser bound the greater?
Can the brook embrace the ocean?

Love? Is it but lustful burning,
Momentary burst of passion,
Blooming forth from youthful vigor
In the springtime of the senses?

Ne'er be day with night confounded,
Substance mingled with its shadow.
Lust, the garb of love assuming,
Wanders forth a homeless beggar,
Here today, tomorrow yonder;
Selfish, brutal, bent on taking,
Savage, groveling, and ungrateful.
Love, possessor and provider,
Ever giving, gaining ever,
Wealthiest when most bestowing,
Happiest when all imparting.
Chivalrous, urbane, and gentle,
Fine, and all around refining;
Anchored in appreciation,
Loyal, constant, and unchanging.

Deem it not base-born, this passion,
Even in its earthly phases;
Call it not impure, unholy,
Till it seek a goal forbidden,
Coveting the unbelonging;
Or pervert from wholesome purpose
Its own lawful, pure possession—
Love dethroned by carnal craving,
Lost in riotous o'erliving.

Love is dual, love is twofold,
Like the soul and all its symbols;
Body, spirit, both essential
To its rounded full completion.

"Love at first sight."—Thus the simple,
Reckoning not with things eternal,
Deeming all of life imprisoned
In a part of life called "present."
Let them be, with their delusion;
Let them sleep, if they would slumber;
They shall wake—the morning cometh.

All things great have pre-existence,
And a claim on life hereafter.
Be this true of human living,
Why not true of human loving?
Life and love—are they not equal—
Complement of one another?
God hath joined them. Who shall part them?
Dare man, e'en in thought, divorce them?

Love is more than earthly longing,
Love is more than mortal yearning,
More—far more than lovers' plighting,
More than marital uniting,
Lest a world should go unpeopled.

Love? 'Tis spirit recognition,
Mate to mate entreating, pleading,
For renewal of affection,
For continued fond communion,
Formed of yore in some far planet,
Ancestor of this creation;
Formed by mutual attraction,
Sanctioned by God's smile paternal—
Gift of Him, a boon benignant,
Promise of a joy unending,
From a union everduring.

Gate to life, and guide to living,
Joy of earth, and *All* of Heaven.
This is love, as I have dreamed it.

"Experience"

A Narrative with a Lesson

BY JAMES E. TALMAGE, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Last night, at the suggestion of a literary friend, I went to the theatre to witness the presentation of a morality play entitled "Experience." It proved to be an elaborate allegory, in which human impulses, emotions, and passions, habits good and bad, types of character, and attributes of soul are severally personified, and appear upon the stage acting and reacting upon one another, but particularly bringing their diverse influences to bear upon Youth, who is the central figure in the play.

Youth, of bright eye, frank countenance, clean mind, and untroubled conscience, is seen lingeringly and affectionately bidding farewell to Love and Hope, that he may be free to follow Ambition. Youth's desire is to achieve both fortune and honor; but, if it be found impossible to secure both, fortune is his preference.

The parting is not easy, for the pleadings of Love and the yearnings of Hope delay him; and only when stern-visaged Ambition comes, with a peremptory summons that sounds positively harsh and even cruel in its cold incisiveness, does Youth suppress the gentler impulses, and, abruptly turning from Love and Hope, hasten away after Ambition.

In the first stage of his journey, Youth is joined on the road by Experience, personified as a man of mature years, whose countenance expresses at once wisdom and kind sympathy; and thereafter, Youth and Experience travel together. They arrive in a great city. While Experience is gently yet impressively instructing his young companion as to what to seek and what to eschew in the new environment, Pleasure, a giddy girl, comes upon the scene, and in beguiling manner tells Youth of the joys to which she can lead him.

Then comes Opportunity and begs a few moments of Youth's time, saying she has something of lasting worth to offer him. Youth, enthralled for the moment by the alluring charms of Pleasure, bids Opportunity wait; but she turns away, impatient and angry, exclaiming "Opportunity waits for none."

Youth accompanies Pleasure, while Experience, with sad countenance and imploring mien, follows the pair. Pleasure leads the way into a gilded and brilliantly lighted pavilion, where nothing beyond the passing hour is considered. Here Youth, at

first embarrassed and bewildered in the dazzling swirl, is introduced in turn to Beauty, Excitement, Frivolity, Song, Fashion, Sport, Curiosity, Style, Blueblood, Wealth, Pride, Slander and Deceit. The scene is a gay one; it is appropriately called the Primrose Path. Youth yields to the blandishments of Intoxication—a somewhat coarse but an openly frank enticer. A moment after the young man's surrender, Passion enters and tries by suggestive word and pose and by unveiled solicitation to lead Youth away. But he is already in a maudlin sleep under the stupefying spell of Intoxication. Passion is enraged at her failure; she raves and curses. Experience rebukes her and loudly proclaims that, sad as is Youth's condition, deep as is his degradation, terrible as must inevitably be his remorse, he has chosen the lesser of two dread evils. Passion, foiled and enervated, retires.

In the next episode, Youth enters a gambling house—not a subterranean hovel in which beggars play for penny stakes or dimes, but a gorgeous establishment of the "better" sort, where hazards run high. Experience warns Youth of the horrors that lurk in the corridors of chance. Yielding to the vague yearning that springs when the least invited in the youthful breast—to win fortune, fame, or honor, by some one lucky stroke—he enters the devil's chambers. Here he makes many new acquaintances; and he plays high, and—wins. He is elated. He imagines he has found a way to retrieve the losses incident to his debauch in the Primrose Path. But his luck turns; as ever such luck must turn, and he is ruined in the game of chance, so-called—but which, known by its true name, would be called the game of ruination and death.

In the scene that follows, Youth, now in poor, almost coarse garb, and, as ever, attended by his devoted companion, Experience, is upon the street, looking for an easy way to realize the dreams and aspirations of his earlier years. Ambition, his one-time friend and inspirer is, he thinks and feels, dead. Pleasure, Beauty, Frivolity, Wealth, Style—all pass him in turn, hurrying anew to the Primrose Path—but every one of them spurns his approaches, and disavows all acquaintanceship. Youth begins to realize that he is left to himself, ignored, repudiated, alone.

At this juncture, Youth sees, approaching at quick pace, a robust fellow, clad in cap and overalls that have been long in service, coarse shirt open at the throat, sleeves rolled up revealing hairy and well-muscled arms, and a leathern band that tightly girds the wrist of his right arm tells of hard blows and strenuous effort. Experience hails the hearty chap, and after friendly handshake introduces him to Youth. The strong man's name is Work. He has little time to spare, none to waste; but he bids Youth come with him, and promises happiness. Youth, not liking

the man's rough appearance, hesitates, and dubiously asks Work where and how he lives. Work tells briefly of his home life with his good wife, Contentment, and then speaks of his boys, most beloved of whom is Job. Two other sons, Position and Profession, are named but little praised; and yet another, Sinecuré, is mentioned only in disparagement. Experience urges Youth to go with Work; but Youth consents only to take the proposition under consideration. Work, impatient over the loss of his time, hurries off.

In every incident Experience is at Youth's side—willing, ready, eager to suggest, encourage and warn. Youth, now nearly penniless, forlorn and almost hopeless, secures employment as a waiter in a squalid dive, where poor food and cheap liquor are sold to degraded creatures of the social underworld. Even such occupation is better than hard labor, he fancies.

In time Youth comes to see for himself the emptiness and moral squalor of the life into which he has drifted. He grows desperate, deserts his place and again wanders upon the streets, disconsolate. Experience tries to guide him, but is repulsed. Remorse preys upon him as a relentless worm. Poverty, a hideously grinning spectre, in rags, and with haggard face and toothless jaws, glares upon him, gloats over him. Experience tries to show that Poverty may be Youth's friend, but Youth angrily contradicts. Poverty cries out in mocking glee "I'll get you yet."

A chance acquaintance, Delusion, comes along, and offers Youth respite from his remorseful agony if he will only go round the corner, to the house of lost souls. Experience tries by caution, argument, and plea to prevent; but Youth goes with Delusion. In a dirty hovel Youth meets the unsightly hags, Habit and Degradation, and later, the dread impersonation of Crime. Crime confesses a recent murder; but Youth has been dulled to stupor by the drug he has welcomed, and is but little moved, even by this awful averment.

As he is recovering from the narcotic sleep of temporary forgetfulness and deluding dreams, Youth sees Poverty staring in upon him through the window, and hears anew the gaunt creature's weird exclamation, "I'll get you yet." Youth has been more afraid of Poverty than of any other kind of distress. He goes out into the night. His aimless course leads him near a church, whose illumined windows depict in brilliant hues impressive incidents from holy writ. Youth's attention is attracted by the singing of the choir. The hymn is one his mother often sang to him. He recalls his early days. He remembers his mother and weeps bitterly. He bows and prays. His soul is subdued.

Guided by Experience, Youth returns, humble and penitent, to the home of his youth. To his joyful surprise he is welcomed

by his companions of olden days, who are young and comforting as when he tore himself away from their company; but he is old in memories though not in years, and, as he thinks himself, a being apart from them. Love claims him; he is enthralled. Hope inspires him; he is exalted. Then he learns that Ambition, who, as he believed, was long since dead, is alive, but less domineering than of old. Ambition, as Youth finds him now, is under the gentle control of Hope and Love. Thus Youth, after his long and afflicting pilgrimage, comes back to the ministering angels, from whose sweet influence he need never have gone.

The allegory is a good one. It was well acted. As a morality play it is wholesomely impressive if rightly interpreted; but a defective application may make it essentially misleading.

The real significance of experience, its true importance in life, is not infrequently misapprehended. There is radical mistake in assuming that one should seek personal experiences of evil in order that he may comprehend and appreciate good. Remember that in the play, Experience was ever trying to lead Youth aright by advice, entreaty, argument, and testimony, and so to preclude the necessity of the young man having to see, feel, endure, and suffer for himself.

It is solemn truth that man is born into mortality in accordance with the divine plan to give him opportunity and experience—experience that could not be had otherwise—experience that may equip the soul for eternal achievement and endless progression. But the experiences that so serve are such as are met in the path of duty. Experience in full measure comes to each of us without our having to seek it in the primrose path, in the halls of chance, in the slums of vice or squalor, in the street of forgotten days, or in the land where the sin-drugged dreamer awakens to bitter realization.

Know ye not that we are here to profit by the experiences of those who have come and gone before? Were it inevitable that every generation pass through the experiences of its progenitors how could advancement be possible? Even the Christ advanced through experience; indeed we are expressly told that He learned obedience by the things that he suffered.* But He dallied not with sin nor tasted of vice in order to overcome such. The sinless Savior suffered for the sins of others; and a specified purpose of His agonizing experiences was that of obviating the necessity of others suffering the extreme penalty, "For," said He, "behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent."†

Is it consistent with reason to hold that every man who

*See Heb. 5:8; compare 4:14, 15.

†See Doc. and Cov. 19:16-19; compare 18:11.

would know of the painful effect of fire must be scarred by actual burning; or that to know that an electric current may torture or kill he must experience the deadly shock? It is a gross misconception of truth—this thought that man must personally pass through all the experiences of the lower planes of action, else he cannot rise to higher states. One who will not profit by the experiences of the past, but must himself follow the devious course of low attainment toward improvement, is as the crow, which builds its nest today in the makeshift careless way in which crows build in the bygone centuries.

With reference to this extreme and erroneous conception of experience in evil as an indispensable stepping-stone to good, Roger Ascham has tersely said: "He hazardeth much who depends for his learning on experience.—An unhappy master is he who is made wise only by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, who is neither rich nor wise till he has been bankrupt.—By experience we find out a short way by long wandering." And Erasmus, in the long ago, wrote for such as had ears and were ready to hear: "Experience is the common school house of fools and ill men.—Men of wit and honesty are otherwise instructed."

The spirit of the age is that of accepting the experiences of the past, learning from them, and rising to other and better experiences that point the way to nobler achievements. The mind that seeks experiences of the low and baser kind is in discord with the Spirit of God.

The Silent Land

I long, tonight, for the Silent Land,
The Silent Land so far, so far;
'Tis there men live, 'tis there men give
Their souls to the sea and the sky and the star,
And the Struggle, fierce and grand.

Up there in the mystic, Silent Land,
Men do kind deeds, and fight great fights;
They grapple with Death and face the breath
Of the Arctic, sweeping fierce from the glowing lights
Beyond, beyond its ice-bound strand.

Up there I tune myself with God;
His might and power, I feel it there;
It thrills my soul, I link the whole
Universe with my yearning breast, and dare
To kiss the cold and lifeless sod.

FRANK C. STEELE



A trustworthy cowboy, a successful cattleman, merchant and banker, a wise statesman, and tried soldier, this man did his full part in the winning of the West; and keeping pace with its development, was at home either at the old-time round-up or the new. Is the type disappearing as our civilization changes?

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

BY HON. ANTHONY W. IVINS

IV—The Old Time Round-up

Only by contrast can the great changes which have occurred in human affairs during the lives of men now living be appreciated.

I well remember that my father mowed with a scythe the grass which grew on his meadow; cut the grain which grew in his field, with a cradle, and threshed it with a flail. I have worn clothing made by my mother from cotton and wool which she carded, spun and wove, and have studied by the light of a tallow dip, or a pine knot, because there was nothing better to be obtained.

A man now sits on a machine and cuts ten acres of grass with less fatigue than he formerly mowed one; at one operation he cuts, threshes, and sacks his grain. The cards, spinning-wheel, and loom have disappeared, and when one needs light, he presses a button, and the electric current does the rest.

In nothing is this contrast more sharply drawn than between the old-time round-up and the new. The word is derived from the

Spanish verb *rodear*, to collect together, *rodeo* signifying the time and place where flocks and herds are to be gathered, in order that they may be inspected, classified, and counted.

Notice is given that a new round-up is to be held at Logan, or Provo, that trains arrive and depart every two hours, that hotel accommodation is ample, charges reasonable, and the admission fee to the lectures only one dollar. We arrive with a rattling of car wheels, blowing of locomotive whistles, and the ringing of bells. The reception committee bids us welcome, while the band



This man knew little of soil analysis, or the rotation of crops; but at the old-time round-up, the management of the herd, and the boys who handled it, was an easy task, no matter what the circumstances, or how great the number.

plays, "It's a long way to Tipperary." We go to our hotel, brush the dust from our clothing, put on a clean collar; and, taking from our grip the equipment which we have brought, a note book and several newly sharpened lead pencils, take our place in the lecture room, where a spectacled professor tells us how to make our land produce greater crops of potatoes, corn and wheat; which are the best breeds of cattle, horses and swine; how to cure roup in chickens, and prevent scabbies in sheep. In the evening, we attend a grand ball. It is storming outside, but we do not mind it, for within the ball-room it is dry and warm.

The place designated for the old-time round-up was at some spring, on the plains, or on the bank of a mountain stream. There was no rattling of car wheels nor screeching of whistles, no reception committee, no brass band. The gathering of the clans was heralded by the neighing of horses, the champing of bits, the jingle of spurs, and the shouting of orders, as the round-up boss assigned to each contingent its proper camping place. The boots

and clothing were strong and serviceable. A linen collar, or spectacles, would have created a sensation greater than sombrero, chaps, and jingling spurs would at Logan, and the wearer would have taken the chance of rough but good-natured handling by his companions.

The evening was spent in adjusting equipment. A good horse, a strong saddle; instead of a note book, a lariat; for sharpened pencils, sharpened spurs. These were the indispensables. If it rained, we got wet; and after the storm was over, we dried ourselves by the fire. Each man or party of men carried his own commissary and cooked his own food—not always according to the latest methods taught in domestic science. After the horses had been hobbled and turned out to graze, the camp was soon asleep, with the possible exception of a cowboy who drummed a jews-harp, played a harmonica, or hummed Annie Rooney, to



Copyright, Detroit Photographic Co.
A ROUND-UP ON A TEXAS RANCH

the accompaniment of a mocking-bird which sang from the top of a nearby tree, or to the distant howl of a coyote. Not many audible prayers were said. The old-time cowboy was not a Pharisee who prayed on the corners to be heard of men, but many silent petitions went up to the Throne of Grace in thanksgiving for favors received and blessings desired. The cowboy told the Lord he'd never lived where churches grow. He loved creation better as it stood on the day He finished it, so long ago, and looked upon His work and called it good. He knew that others found the Lord in light that's sifted down through tinted window panes,

and that he, too, had often found Him near in the dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

He thanked the Lord that he'd been placed so well, that he had made his freedom so complete, that he was not a slave of whistle, clock or bell, or week-eyed prisoner in a walled up street. He prayed that he might live his life as he'd begun, that work be given open to the sky, that he might be a pardner of the wind and sun, and he'd not ask a place that's soft or high, to make him square and generous with all; he knew that he was careless sometimes, when in town, but never let them call him mean or small. He asked the Lord to make him big and open, like the plains on which he rode, to make him honest, like the horse he loved so well; clean like the wind which blows behind the rain, free as the hawk that circles down the breeze. He prayed to be forgiven when sometimes he forgot, the Lord knew the reasons which were hid, he knew about the things that gall and fret, he knew him better than his mother did. "Just keep an eye on all that's done and said," he prayed, "just right me always when I turn aside, and guide me on the long, dim trail ahead, which stretches upward toward the Great Divide."

Such was the old-time cowboy. Not all alike, there were good and bad among them, as there are among merchants and bankers, doctors and lawyers, preachers and politicians.

We were camped at Green Spring, on a high, volcanic plateau covered with thick forests of cedar and scattering pine trees. Our plans for the following day included a drive from Pen's Pockets and Kelly's Spring, which would take us to the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We knew that it would be a day of action, for the cattle were wild and the country rough. The boys were my own employees, as trustworthy, brave and competent as ever rode the range. Al, Eph, Andrew, Jimmie, Johnnie, George, Dave, Jode, Charley and Henry, each one a worker and an expert in his line.

The morning star was still shining, the first streaks of day showed in the east, when Charley called, "Chuck." Soon after, Jode and Johnnie came in with the horses, and by the time it was fairly light, we were mounted and on the trail. The country was covered with grass, and appeared comparatively smooth, but we knew that underneath the grass were treacherous reefs of volcanic rocks, which made fast riding dangerous, and in some places impossible.

Below Pen's Pockets we came out on one of those open parks, so common in the mountains, covered with grass and a few scattering trees, and bordered by a heavy growth of cedars. As we entered it, a herd of wild cattle broke from the timber and went thundering down the slope. We knew them well, the old white cow and her red companion, neither of which had ever been

marked nor branded, and each with several generations of her own offspring, as wild as the antelope of the plains. With heads down and tails flying they dashed down the flat, while we, separating into two parties, started in pursuit.

A dozen quirts were flying, a dozen horses, each as eager as his rider to be the first to cut those cattle off from the timber, swept down the park. I was riding on the east side, and by me rode Jode, on Sorrel Johnnie, one of my best horses. As he gradually drew away from me, Jode smiled; he would be the first to head the herd, but just then I saw one of those hidden piles of rocks in the grass, and reined my horse to the left. Jode saw it, Johnnie saw it, but too late. With a mighty bound he tried to clear it, but failed; his horse stumbled and fell with such force that



Copyright, Detroit Photographic Co.

DRIVING A BUNCH ON A TEXAS RANCH

his neck was broken as his head struck the rocks. Jode, with the dexterity characteristic of the real cowboy, freed himself from the saddle and was but slightly hurt. I called to him to return to camp and get another horse, and rode on.

As we neared the herd, ropes were untied from the forks of saddles, and loops prepared. Dave, who was mounted on Mark, dashed before the onrushing herd, and the red cow, with a vicious lunge, drove her horn into the horse's shoulder. As Henry, on Chug, rode in from the opposite side, his horse fell in a pile of rocks, rolling him a number of yards, fortunately in the direction of a small tree, for the white cow, with horns set, was after him, and he only avoided her by scrambling behind the cedar.

By this time we were all there. Ropes hissed through the air and settled with unerring accuracy over the heads and feet of the leaders of the herd. In less time than it has taken to tell the story, the worst of the cattle were hog-tied on the ground, and the remainder running in a circle on the flat.

Henry, looking from behind the Cedar tree, said: "Boss, if

you don't knock that white cow's horns off before you let her up, I want my time; I'm going home."

One horse killed, two injured, two men somewhat damaged, but still on the job, a number of wild cattle tied down, and the remainder of the herd under control, the boys declared it to have been twenty minutes of life worth living.

That was the real, old-time round-up.

It is gone forever. The evolution of the age has brought other conditions; we have learned better ways of accomplishing the things we have to do. The Shorthorn and Hereford have taken the place of the Longhorn; the Saddler, of the Cow Pony. The homesteader and dry-farmer have driven the big cattle man from the ranges, and the college graduate has taken the place of the picturesque, old-time cowboy, but we must admit that the cattleman and cowboy, with the old-time round-up, had their place in the winning of the West, and that they filled that place with honor!

It Can be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
 But he, with a chuckle, replied
 That maybe it couldn't but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
 On his face—if he worried, he hid it;
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that—
 At least, no one has ever done it."
 But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
 And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
 With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
 Without any doubting or quiddit,
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy failure;
 There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
 The dangers that wait to assail you.
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Then take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
 That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—From *The Medical Herald* (Author unknown).



LIFE PERFECT

Were there a heart to beat in tune with mine
That melody with peace my life would fill;
Should to my lips be placed love's sacred wine,
Then not my blood the world's neglect might chill.
Ah, could that love but answer my love's plea,
Then hope should be no longer as a ghost;
Were there one faith to share one faith in me,
Then fate itself not o'er my will should boast.
Were there a soul to meet my soul's true kiss,
To make two souls one soul in endless trust,
Then I would triumph, though the world might hiss,
Change to a crown of gold a crown of dust:
Then I could smile into the face of death,
And speak life perfect with my latest breath!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE



The Ruin Prohibition Brought to Kansas

BY HENRY J. ALLEN. (ILLUSTRATED BY F. J. COOPER)

(From *Collier's Weekly*, Apr. 1, 1916. Reprinted in the ERA by permission)

[So much has been said about Kansas prohibition and the danger it wrought to business and prosperity, that the following authentic article from one who knows the conditions in Kansas should be an impetus to the citizens of this state to bring Utah into similar danger at the next election. In answer to our request to reproduce it in the ERA, the managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*, under date of April 17, said: "We gladly give you permission to reprint Henry J. Allen's article 'The Ruin Prohibition Brought to Kansas' in your paper, the IMPROVEMENT ERA, provided credit be given *Collier's* in the headlines announcing the article. With best wishes for your campaign, Sincerely yours, THE MANAGING EDITOR."

Thanks to the editor, for his kindness and good wishes. We hope the readers of the ERA will help to bring similar "ruin" to this state, by making Utah "dry" this fall.—EDITORS.]

We observe from recent editorial comment in *Collier's* that the kindly hearted booze men of Montana have lined up to fight the proposed prohibition amendment in that state on the ground that prohibition will injure business in Montana. The propaganda of these business philanthropists will be full of interesting revelations. They doubtless will show their disinterestedness by explaining that more liquor is sold in a prohibition state than in a state where the saloons are, and that the increase in drunkenness and crime is in direct proportion to the decrease of saloons. They will prove that putting the criminal ban upon liquor in Montana will destroy the business interests of the State, cause grass to grow in the streets of its cities, population to flee away, and human happiness to disappear. Also it will increase the consumption of liquor. They will repeat this frequently. They will prove all this and more by alluding to the fate of Kansas.

Only recently they have sent out the statement that prohibition ruined the grape industry in Kansas. The brewers, who made no wine of our table grapes, claim that in the eighties the grape industry "gave hope" of amounting to over \$200,000 a year, and is estimated at less than \$25,000 per year now.

And the gloomy fact is that the grape industry was not the only one ruined by prohibition.

There was the mint industry. Prohibition killed the mint julep, although mint had already made a good start in Kansas. Now there is no demand for it except in a few homes where they

still make it in sauce for spring-lamb dressing. Fields that might have been teeming with pretty and odoriferous mint now are given over to the sordid production of alfalfa.

Then there was the blow to the egg industry. Men no longer use eggs for eggnog. When prohibition came the hens had been doing their best in their free, untutored way to keep the egg industry alive, and you could get eggs for eight cents a dozen. Since prohibition put the eggnog out of business you have to pay two cents apiece for eggs. Prohibition seemed to take the very ambition out of the hens. They seem to feel that they have nothing to cackle about since the saloon has left us.

A man over in the eastern part of the state used to make roulette wheels. He was a fine cabinet-maker, and the wheels he turned out for roulette and other games of chance were mounted with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Prohibition killed that industry. Not two per cent of our people today would know a roulette wheel from a Russian scheherazade if they'd meet it coming along the road.

While the people of Kansas talk very little about this, being a reticent folk, it is generally realized that prohibition has killed in this state about every industry except the raising of wheat and corn and alfalfa and fruit and live stock; potatoes and peas and cabbage and "garden sass;" chickens and ducks and geese and horses and mules. Almost immediately prohibition ruined our most prominent gamblers, blighted our beer gardens, and killed the bartenders' union.

Prohibition has left very little of Kansas except the growing crops in her field, the stock in her stock pens, the dreary round of work, work, work in her factories and stores and other industries. It has left us little to do in hours of leisure except just to fall in love, get married, send our children to school, go abroad occasionally, join the church when we feel like it, run into each other with expensive automobiles, and store our money away in dusty bank vaults instead of giving it to cheerful gentlemen with white aprons who used to stand in front of cut-glass bars and say occasionally: "This one is on the house."

Where once the thriving business of the saloon sent the clamorous odor of its prosperity out upon the sidewalk and clear across the street, we find nothing but shoe stores, clothing stores, dry-goods stores, meat markets, grocery stores, and other sordid activities of an unhappy people.

Where once you saw long lines of men on Saturday night going joyously into rooms where the doors always swung in, never out, where there was sawdust on the floor and a merry crowd standing before the mahogany top, where they were treating all around, and a man could get his salary check cashed and spend it right there on his boon companions, and then go enthu-

siastically home and break up the furniture and give his wife a black eye: instead of all the above manifestations of a care-free people which characterized the saloon day, we now have nothing but gloom. We see men going quietly into butcher shop or grocery store or department store to get their weekly salary checks cashed, and then proceeding moodily home with shoes for the children and beefsteak for supper and the fixings for a heavy Sunday dinner the next day, and you know instinctively that there will be no hilarity in that home that night, and nothing to cheer the lives of these people except such sober activities as mother may introduce into the family circle.

HANDICAPS OF BOOZELESS YOUTH

There is nothing for that family to look forward to except a comfortable Sunday dinner and maybe church in the morning and Sunday school, possibly a decorous ride around town in the family automobile in the afternoon, occasionally a thrill-less, sensation-less concert at the grand opera house in the evening with some person like Homer or Schumann-Heink imported at vast price for the program.

Then Monday they begin the same round all over again and spend the next week doing nothing but working and playing and riding and eating and sleeping and buying new clothes and taking music lessons and going to parties and theatres and over-feeding each other at dinners, and during the live-long week father never comes home and breaks in the door with a war whoop and goes to smashing up the furniture, or caressing mother with his doubled-up fist, kicking little Tommy just to see him squirm, and doing other things to show the pride of strong manhood that used to be in him in the days before prohibition came and killed everything in Kansas.

Added to this ruin of the free, strong spirit which has followed the removal of what a man from Milwaukee has so poetically termed "the poor man's club" there is the ignorance—the besotted, benighted ignorance—which has followed the introduction of the dry era. There are whole families of children in Kansas who never saw a saloon. Think of it! Citizens of what we are fond of calling the most enlightened nation on earth so ignorant that if they should walk down Broadway tomorrow they would have to ask a policeman to tell them what the word saloon meant.

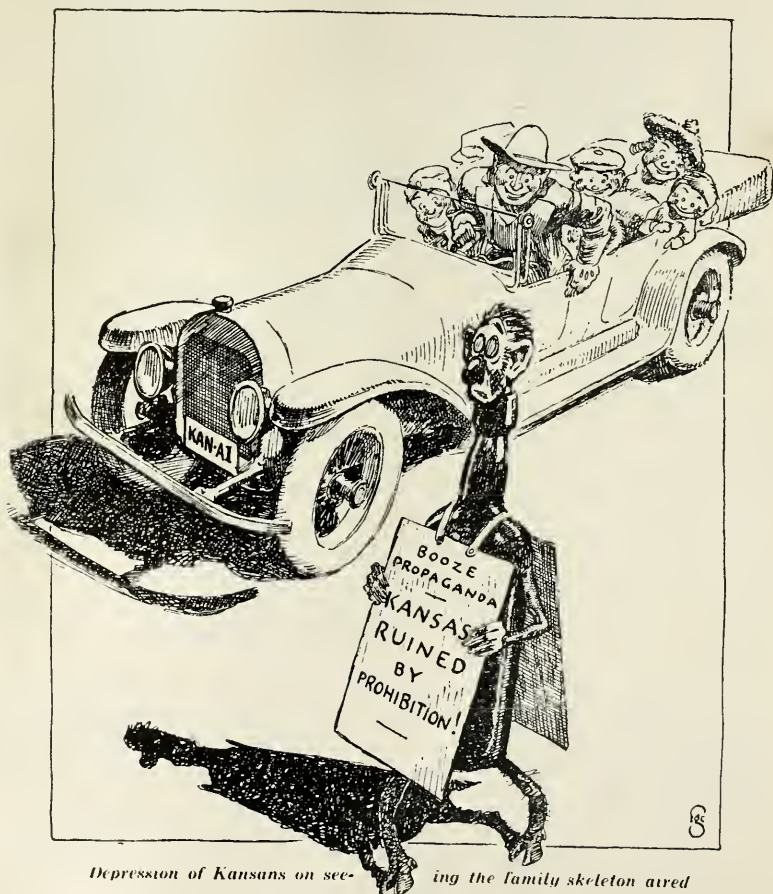
We are now in the second generation of this form of ignorance in Kansas. What hope have we? What prospect have our young men for "getting on" in the world when they do not know what the word saloon means or what a drink of liquor tastes like? What hope have they of social success when they do not know what wines go with a fashionable dinner? What would

one of them do if elected president? Think of the great of the past. Did any of them handicapped like this ever amount to anything?

OUR BELOVED MISERIES

As has been so carefully pointed out to us by the United States Brewers' association, practically all of the great men of our past history drank liquor, not only because they liked it, but because there were no prohibition cranks in the land in those days to raise a fuss about it. No railroad president had then robbed his engineers and trainmen of their personal liberty by forbidding them to take a little for their stomach's sake while on duty.

These are the somber reflections that come to one when he



Depression of Kansans on seeing the family skeleton aired

contemplates the effort to make all the country like Kansas—a state where they are allowing the county poorhouses to crumble in decay, where the jails are running practically empty, and where the business of taking care of the poor has been largely ruined because the poor will not live here any more. Last Christmas an effort to give usefulness to a “good fellow club” in Wichita, the commercial center of the state, failed because after the club was organized it found so little to do that it became discouraged and went out of business with a balance in the treasury.

Can any sense of philanthropy be created in our citizenship without any poor to take care of? In God’s great name, are we to be robbed of the opportunity to develop those tender sensibilities which grow only in the presence of need?

We are human; we would enjoy the larger, more thrilling life that comes in on the tide of drink; we would like our tenement districts, our social-welfare fights, our all-night courts, our white-slave problems, our commissions to study the relief of disease and poverty just as well as anyone—but can we have them? We cannot.

There hasn’t even been a case of delirium tremens in the state since 1896, and at the time that was thought by inexperienced surgeons to be due to the free-silver campaign.

How can we ever hope to become familiar with the evils of drunkenness when we have wiped out the taste for it in our state?

How can we ever expect people to come here for real enjoyment when we have provided none of those ministrations of happiness that bubble along Broadway and have made French Lick Springs in Indiana such a heaven on earth?

Then, too, we have driven out of Kansas a class that was very useful to us, that relieved us entirely of the responsibility of local government. In the day before the state went dry no one ever worried about who was to be alderman or chief of police or mayor. We knew that the saloon men would look after that—it was part of their business. They wielded the balance of power and the political bickerings which sometimes now enter into the selection of our local officers in Kansas were wholly unnecessary in that old day. The saloon men got together and made up the ticket and got it elected. All we had to do was to pay the bills.

Now heaven alone knows when a campaign opens who is going to be elected, and when he is elected he spends so much of his time worrying about the recall provisions of the charter that it spoils much of the pleasure and all of the profit which his old-time predecessors used to get out of the job.

With the example of Kansas being constantly pointed out by the liquor men, why will state after state rise up and kick these benefactors in the face in the ungrateful way they are now doing?



Outlines for Scout Workers

BY DELBERT W. PARRATT, B. S.

X—THE BELTED KINGFISHER

THE KINGFISHER

“What bird digs deeply round and round
A cunning tunnel, underground?”

“This bird which has so large a bill
We see beside the waters still;
There Fisher waits in patient mood
To seize small fishes for her food.”

1. Why is this bird called a fisher? Why a kingfisher? Why a belted kingfisher?
2. By what other name is this kingfisher known?
3. Tell of its color and size. Contrast the male and female birds in these respects.
4. On what does the kingfisher feed? What is there about it to indicate this?
5. Tell how it kills and swallows its prey.
6. Where, when, and how does the kingfisher make its nest?
7. Tell of size, color, and number of eggs.

8. Describe the kingfisher's song. When are these peculiar sounds made? Why then?
9. Where is the bird usually found? Why there?
10. What is meant by "halcyon days?" Why so called?

HANDY MATERIAL

The bird under consideration catches fish for a living and is therefore called a fisher. He has a crest or crown on his head and in consequence is termed a king fisher. And on account of the prominent belt of dark blue running from shoulder to shoulder across his breast he is fittingly referred to as the belted kingfisher. He is the only one of the kingfisher family native to our western continent, and to distinguish him from his European relatives he is often called the western kingfisher.

In length, he measures ordinarily some twelve or thirteen inches. The female, as with most birds, is somewhat smaller than the male. The predominant color of both sexes is a pleasing, ashy blue. This covers the head, back, wings, and tail. The neck and under parts are whitish, running into a reddish brown towards the sides under the wings. Besides this a characteristic white spot is in front of each eye and like dots sprinkle wings and tail. Both male and female are much alike in color and markings; however, the "lady bird's" belt and head dress are somewhat brownish instead of blue, but the "gentleman's" colors are a little more showy and his contrasts a little more pronounced.

When on the look-out for fish, the alert fisherman stands perfectly still upon some limb or rock projecting over the stream or lake and keeps his keen eyes riveted upon the water. At the sight of coveted prey, he makes a "bee line" for it and seldom misses. Upon splashing from the surface, all the water readily leaves his oily feathers and he is free to fly back to his perch with captured fish securely gripped in his long, stout, black bill. With surprising dexterity, the unfortunate fish is clutched by the tail and then pounded to death against the stone or limb. After Mr. Kingfisher has killed his victim, he swallows it, head first, with apparent difficulty. This "last sad rite" is accomplished with grotesque gulping, stretching of neck, flapping of wings, and twisting of body. But when the performance is ended, the fisherman's contented poise and peaceful air give evidence that the meal was well worth his strenuous effort.

While minnows and other fish of like size are the kingfisher's favorite diet, he seems delighted at catching a small snake or even a frog. He is also fond of shrimps, mollusks, leeches, lizards, crickets, and water beetles. In every case, however, he prefers them right fresh and to be sure of this he shows a decided anxiety to do the killing himself.

In the spring time, during mating season, the kingfishers choose their nesting place, usually in some secluded river or lake bank. After deciding the place, both male and female birds engage in drilling the hole into the bank. At first they poise in the air some distance from the selected spot and then with swift flight ram their pointed bills into the soil, clay, or sand until a hole about four inches in diameter and three or four inches deep is made. After this they drill while standing in the hole until an opening from two to six feet deep is cut into the bank. It is interesting to note that this long tubular hole always slants upward, thus providing back drainage for any water that might enter, and at the same time affording a downward slope for the material that is being worked out as the birds drill farther and farther into the bank. At the far end of the excavation a little room is gouged out and in the bottom of this the isolated nest is built. In the nest from six to eight pure white or else pinkish white eggs are laid. Ordinarily but one brood of young is raised in a season and the old birds often use the same nest year after year.

The kingfisher's song, if it can be called such, is a harsh screech, often heard fully half a mile away. The birds are especially noisy during mating season and at times of apparent or real danger. The song seems to indicate either pleasure or danger according to the conditions under which it is used.

The belted kingfisher is found quite generally throughout our country except in the colder regions of Canada and Alaska. It is not at all uncommon to see him in various parts of Utah where he can live without serious molestation and where food may be had in ample quantities. His presence is often noted along the Jordan, Bear, Provo, and Weber rivers and also along other but smaller streams indirectly contributory to our Great Salt Lake.

In olden days, people held that the kingfisher possessed strange, occult powers and by virtue of these was able to control the winds and weather. According to their calculations, the kingfisher or halcyon, as it was then called, always managed to have delightful weather during its brooding season, and in consequence these fine days became known as "halcyon days." At the present time, any season of tranquility, moral, social, or physical, is commonly referred to by the same appellation.

In line with the notion of subtle powers exercised by the halcyon, the ancients very often used its stuffed skin as a weather-vane. It was suspended in the open by a thread in such a way as to indicate the wind's direction and, moreover, its presence was supposed to bring "good luck" storms to the person hanging it up. It thus served in similar but more limited capacity to the traditional horse-shoe frequently nailed by its finder above the door of his barn or house.

THE KINGFISHER

For the handsome kingfisher, go not to the tree,
No bird of the field or the forest is he;
In the dry river rock he did never abide,
And not on the brown heath all barren and wide.
He lives where the fresh, sparkling waters are flowing,
Where the tall, heavy Typha and Loosestrife are growing:
By the bright little streams that all joyfully run
Awhile in the shadow, and then in the sun.
He lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,
With the green mossy Hazel roots firmly entwined;
Where the dark Alder-bough waves gracefully o'er,
And the Sword-flag and Arrow-head grow at his door.
There busily, busily, all the day long,
He seeks for small fishes the shallows among;
For he builds his nest of the pearly fish bone,
Deep, deep in the bank, far retired, and alone.
Then the brown Water-rat from his burrow looks out,
To see what his neighbor Kingfisher's about;
And the green Dragon-fly, flitting slowly away,
Just pauses one moment to bid him good-day.
O happy Kingfisher! what care should he know,
By the clear, pleasant streams, as he skims to and fro,
Now lost in the shadow, now bright in the sheen
Of the hot summer sun, glancing scarlet and green!

MARY HOWITT.

The Meaning of Education

BY E. G. PETERSON, PH. D., PRESIDENT UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

II.—*Education is not a Closed-in System*

Education is not a closed-in system. It is as broad as the universe and human experience.

I have seen men with good records from colleges who yet were not educated. I have seen men who have spent their youth and early manhood on the range, in the saddle, doing what are thought to be the rough things of life, yet they have come out of it, never having seen possibly the inside of a college, cultured and refined gentlemen. Passing successfully through a course of study in an institution of higher learning is only one of the ways of acquiring that mental power and that stability of character which should go with education. To ride the range, to manage a farm, to struggle to pull a family out of debt and supply comforts and necessities to relatives, these are sometimes equivalent, sometimes much superior, to a college course in educating a young man or woman. You have had the experience, if you have lived in these wonderful valleys many years, of encountering powerful minds and powerful characters behind plows, in work shops, tending canals, and elsewhere at the busy tasks of the world. And

those thousands of clean-browed women who preside in the homes of Utah, the mothers who have reared this race of strong men. Here you will find culture sometimes without great learning, and sometimes with sound learning, culture which shows itself in a fine regard for the rights of others, patience, purposeful devotion, industry well applied, reverence for sacred things, sacrifice in the interest of the generations to come, and through it all outstanding faith. Such culture has come from the rough experiences of life, toil that the children may be served, conquered heartaches because life has been hard and the future slow to unfold, shattered hopes only to be built again, cruelties of a sometimes heartless human system of life which crushes those who unknowingly impede, and even from the pain which is the price paid for the privilege of parenthood.

All this human experience enriches the mind and the soul, if it is met in proper spirit, and if it is interpreted soundly. To be sure, if life means only the material thing of living it, such experiences only harrass and embitter. If life means a stage of preparation, a testing fire in which the gold and the dross are separated, such experiences only add meaning to existence.

So, a college is only a thing which in its idea and its embodiment many wise generations have built, and with which we bounteously are blessed, to hasten human experiences. A college should be a concentration of life's experiences. Here in shorter time than elsewhere we should learn the fine things the world has done in the past, the rich store of science which thousands of generations have accumulated, the arts which man has developed from the art of tilling the soil to the art of painting a picture. It may take you ten years out of school to learn what you could learn in two years in school. If a college does not give the young this better opportunity, it fails.

We sometimes encounter the being who enquires "What college have you been graduated from?" and disdainfully refuses to admit your standing unless you can name an institution of learning. How much more sound the question: "What rough experiences have you battled, and was your mind calm and your faith undaunted at the end?" Bless the men and the women whose experiences reach back in the rough places of our early life, the canal diggers, the range riders, the desert reclaimers, the home builders, and the ones who made possible the fuller opportunities of this age.

There are more educated men out of college than in college. College is only a help, an improved modern institution toward culture, and as such is one of the great blessings of modern life, to be carefully guarded and nurtured that it may serve the thousands who deserve.

Criticism of the "Higher Critics"

BY ROBERT C. WEBB

In making an examination of the claims of the so-called "higher criticism" of the Bible—and particularly of the Old Testament—even from a point of view that is distinctly unfavorable to them, we cannot lose sight, intelligently, of the fact that we are dealing with the opinions espoused by men of real learning in their department. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that their researches have unearthed many facts of the utmost value to students of the Scriptures. Neither can we deny that there are grave problems connected with the text of the Old Testament, which, while they may not justify skepticism of the radical and destructive type, must be seriously considered by all who believe that the Bible is in any sense the Word of God, or a record of His dealings with mankind.

The consistent grounds of objection to the findings of these "critics" must be (1) that their researches seem to be, in some measure at least, animated by a spirit of reaction against certain traditional opinions *about* the Bible—and for this reason, as we find, their theories are particularly acceptable to the so-called "liberal" and anti-"orthodox" elements—and (2) that their methods of using facts, or supposed facts, involve the same vicious misuse of the laws of logic that is to be found in the formulation and defense of certain popular so-called "scientific" and "philosophical" hypotheses. We need not fear the actual facts alleged in support of the "higher criticism," of the evolution hypothesis, or of any other misleading system of the day. It is the misuse of such facts, and the perverse habits of handling them, which constitute the sorest objections in the minds of people capable of dealing with the materials of knowledge.

In starting upon the discussion of the text of the Old Testament, we must begin by acknowledging that the allegation of sundry "discrepancies," emendations, additions, and other forms of "corruption," is to a very considerable extent warranted. Thus, even the most conservative scholars can not deny that the accepted text of the historical portions of the Book of Daniel lends itself readily to the theory that that portion of the book, at least, was not written by a contemporary of the events recorded. We may contend, however, that, while the known text is evidently "corrupt," we have no sufficient evidence that there was not a pure and historical original that has been mishandled by the copyists, or

presented as a "popular edition" in a late vernacular. Again, in Genesis, in particular, we find numerous passages purporting to give the reasons why certain persons received the names by which they are known. Some of these "explanations" are perfectly correct, if we are to consider them as interpretations of the meanings of the names; but others, again, are quite un-etymological, if, indeed, the forms of the names as we have them are the true original forms. Some of these explanations are mere "plays on words;" in fact, simple "puns."

Now, such facts as these need not compel us to accept theories to the effect that the Bible is in no sense what it has always been believed to be, a record of God's dealings "with them of old time," and an authoritative compilation of His laws and teachings for mankind. In view of the methods of making books in old times, it is scarcely remarkable that these, and other, "corruptions" have entered into the text of Scripture. As is well known, all books were anciently copied by hand by certain persons called "scribes"—that is to say, "writers"—who were not only "copyists" in an industrial sense, such as printers' compositors, but were recognized as "doctors," or authorities on the books which they had frequently reproduced. Thus it is that such men frequently figure in the New Testament in arguments with the Savior on the teachings of the Law. Not only did they make frequent mistakes in copying—and this accounts for the numerous variations in reading in the Bible and in all ancient books (one manuscript having one word in a given passage, another having quite a different one)—but they considered themselves competent to make marginal notations, in way of comment or explanation, which very often, in other ancient books, at least, were regularly embodied in the text by subsequent copyists. The condition, in fact, was precisely what we should have, if some modern editor should conclude to incorporate with the body-text of the Bible the numerous marginal notes and chapter titles found in the King James and Geneva versions, for example. To such doings many commentators ascribe the presence of the name-explanations above mentioned, and the introduction of such passages as I John 5:7, which the revisers of the New Testament concluded to omit, because absent from the oldest known manuscripts. Since, therefore, the text of scripture comes to us through the hands of many generations of human, and entirely fallible, copyists, we need not be surprised at the allegation of numerous "corruptions" of such varieties, nor in any way afraid to acknowledge their existence.

But there are some "discrepancies" which might be capable of sorely perplexing some readers, and beget the disquieting suspicion that the "critics" may be right after all. Among such, as we need not be afraid to state, is the one created by the passage in Exodus 6:3, "And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and

unto Jacob, by *the name of* God Almighty (*El Shaddai*), but by my name *JEHOVAH* was I not known to them." As if in contradiction to this statement, we find that this name, twice translated "God," in other places, "Lord," occurs in the mouth of God or of a worshiper in forty-four passages in the Book of Genesis. Thus, in two passages (Gen. xv:2, 8) Abraham addresses God as "Lord God," which expression translates the Hebrew *Adonai Jehovah* ("My Lord Jehovah"), and in another (Gen. xxii:14) he calls the name of a place *Jehovah Jireh* ("Jehovah will see, or provide"). Also, while in Gen. xvii:1, God names Himself *El Shaddai* ("the Almighty God"), and in another (Gen. xxi:33) is referred to as *El 'Olam* ("the Everlasting God"), in still a third (Gen. xxviii:13) He introduces Himself with the words, *ani Jehovah Elohe Abraham*, "I (am) Jehovah God of Abraham." [The other passages containing this name, as mentioned above, are Gen. iv:1; v:29; ix:6; x:9; xiv:22; xvi:2, 5; xviii:14; xix:13, 14; xxiv:3, 7, 12, 27, 31, 35, 40, 42, 44, 50, 51, 52, 56; xxvi:22, 28, 29; xxvii:7, 20, 27; xxviii:16, 21; xxix:32, 33, 35; xxx:24, 27, 30; xxxi:49; xxxii:9; xlix:18].

Such facts might lead a reader to assume either (1), that the wording of Exodus vi:3 had been changed from its original form, or else (2) that in the other passages the "Ineffable Name" had been introduced by the pious thought of some of the numerous scribes who have handled and copied the Book of Genesis through all the centuries in which it has been in the possession of people who could read it in the original Hebrew. The latter supposition is preferable to the former on several grounds. In the first place, as is well known, there was long a prejudice among the Jews against uttering the name of God. This arose, as is claimed, from an ultra-literal understanding of the Third Commandment, which forbids "taking the name of Jehovah, thy God, in vain." To even pronounce this "Ineffable Name" was believed to involve the danger of "taking it in vain;" it was too holy for common use. Consequently, wherever this name appeared the custom was to read the word *Adonai*, "My Lord" (or "My Lords"), instead. Thus, beginning with the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, the translation into Greek, this name was rendered "Lord." Now, whatever may have been the "original readings" in any such passages as we have mentioned, the evident reference is to Jehovah; whether or not this name was in these places substituted for either *Adon*, *Adonai*, or even *Elohim* or *El Shaddai*, it is equally probable that it would not have been read as written. Indeed, as has been claimed, the scribes were so anxious that it should not be so read that, on the introduction of the "vowel points" in the seventh century A. D., they inserted the vowels proper to *Adonai* in the name *JHVH*, thus transforming it, literally, from the supposed original spelling, *Jahveh* or *Yahweh*, to *Jehovah*.

In another aspect of the matter, also, the possible substitution of the name Jehovah, or Yahweh, for some synonymous titles, in these passages is perfectly comprehensible. As numerous scholars have indicated, the religious institutions of the Jews were closely paralleled by similar institutions among their "heathen" neighbors, and the constant recorded tendency of the people to lapse into some form of "idolatry" is explained on the supposition that they were oftenest misled by apparent identities of idea and methods. It was, therefore, a constant and arduous duty devolving on the authorities to maintain the purity and isolation of the religion of Israel. If, then, such authorities had turned to the early chapters of Genesis, and found that the name of God was seldom mentioned, if at all, and that several words having the meaning "Lord," "master," etc., occurred instead the duty seemed clear that this "omission" should be remedied. Indeed, the importance of some such emendation of the text must have seemed all the greater, in view of the fact that the gods of the "nations round about" were all known familiarly under precisely similar designations. Thus *Baal*, or any one of the *Baalim*, was known by this word, which also meant "lord," "master," etc. Even the terrible god *Moloch* was only "the king," for such is the meaning of this title in the opinion of scholars. If, then the *Lord*, the God of Abraham, was to be definitely and finally discriminated from the numerous "lords," "masters," "kings," etc., of the "heathen" (the "nations"), it is evident that it could be done only by inserting His name in numerous passages in which He is evidently referred to.

We have discussed this matter of the names and titles of God at such length, because it is an important one in the history of Biblical "criticism." Indeed, the starting-point of the destructive "criticism" was in the arguments of a certain Jean Astruc that there are two separate accounts of the creation of the world in the first two chapters of Genesis, to be discriminated by the "two names of God" used in them. Thus, from Gen. i:1 to ii:3 we find that God (*Elohim*) created the world, but from ii:4 on, the same work is ascribed to the Lord God (*Jehovah Elohim*). While, from the standpoint of ordinary common sense, let alone any judgment that might arise from perfect familiarity with ancient and oriental books, the idea that we have here two separate and diverse accounts of creation would scarcely occur to anyone. The narrative beginning with ii:4 merely takes up the story at the completion of the general account, and continues it in particular connections, recounting the doings of the first human beings in the garden which God had planted "to the eastward in Eden." The contention, however, that two distinct divine "names" are used in these two chapters (or "accounts") was altogether too convenient a handle for people disposed to "revise religion and

morals" and to enlighten the world from the "rich resources of their own minds," and, as a consequence, we behold the first two installments of the "documents," called respectively, "Elohistic" and "Jahvistic." These two "documents," together with several others, notably the "Jahvist-Elohistic," "Priestly," "Jahvist second," "Redactor"—the last the supposed "redactor," or editor who pieced these numerous fragments into a "crazy patchwork quilt" of a book—are, professedly, traced through the Book of Genesis, several of them also into later books, being discriminated by alleged differences in "style," vocabularies, etc., which only the near-omniscience of "modern critical scholarship" has ever suspected, let alone been able to separate. That this so-called "partition" violates the simplest canons of reason and common sense in a number of instances is nothing to our "critics," who evidently console themselves with the delusive consolation that, if mathematicians and physicists can apprehend almost ultimate subtleties, and achieve results characterized by almost unimaginable refinements of distinction, they also can do precisely similar "wonders." But, as we shall see later, there are numerous opportunities for the humble "layman" to exercise his inalienable right to that "honest doubt," which as Lord Tennyson tells us, contains "more faith * * * than half the creeds," in reviewing the "discoveries" of our "critical scholars."

But the "partition" of Genesis and other books into numerous "documents," "scholia," "redactions," "emendations," etc., is not the worst feature of this "higer-criticism" scheme. The "critics" presume upon the knowledge of ancient times, possessed by themselves or any other people, in their confident assignment of various "documents" to as many different times and influences in the history of Israel. Too many of them possess, or rather assume that they possess, such "sympathy with an author" that they develop a thorough working "sense of what he can and what he cannot have said." Thus, Moses could not have said such and such things attributed to him in the text, for the "very excellent reason" that, as they say, writing was unknown to him and his contemporaries. Nor can any demonstration of the fact that, if Moses could not write, it was due solely to his neglect of opportunities to obtain an education, modify the judgment in any particular.

Now, at this point we may digress to remark that the hypothesis of evolution is, next to Jean Astruc's "discovery," the most valuable asset of the "higher critic." Although, as this hypothesis assumes, the "development" of mankind from the near-ape to the wielder of "critical scholarship" has occupied immense periods—several hundred thousand years, in fact, as they tell us—Moses and Abraham "lived so very long ago" that they must have had the crudest possible notions and manners. Consequently, as the theories of our "critics" really seem to argue, any presently-believable

ideas of life, God, religion, law, or morals, must be of later date; very many centuries later, in fact. This reminds one strongly of the remark of a "thoughtful" boy, the son of an evolutionistic father, undoubtedly, who argued that Homer's poetical expression, "generations of articulately-speaking men" evidently involves that Homer had knowledge, by tradition or otherwise, of some kinds of men who were not "articulately-speaking." The evil does not consist so much in the acceptance of the evolution hypothesis, which, as has been shown before, does not explain human nature or human history, but in the nonsensical notion that the "upward struggle" of humanity may be distinctly traced through historic time. The sophistry of such reasoning, and its utter inconsistency with the revelations of history and archæology, should render any man of real learning ashamed to use it.

Nevertheless, the formulation of a "solution" of the universe that shall be perfectly "comprehensible" to the learned of the present day is so great a passion with certain classes of mind that all admission of the possibility of the hyper-rational or supernatural must be eliminated. Thus, in further conformity with the "rationalistic" scheme of things, a further "certain canon" of "criticism" is that all prophecies, or apparent prophecies, must be post-dated, must have been written after the events described, or supposed to be described. This, of course, reduces the Scriptures to mere products of human ignorance and presumption, not to say "simple forgeries," concocted for the crudest and rawest kind of deception, and exalts our "critics," "philosophers" and other "experts," to the position of the "only mediators between God and man."

Thus, because many of the narrations in the earlier part of Genesis, notably those of the creation, flood, etc., agree in the main particulars with narrations found in the libraries of Babylonia, no inference will hold but that they must have been derived direct from Babylonia by Hebrew writers interested in compiling a "history of the world." Because a direct touch between Israel and Babylon occurred most conspicuously during the Babylonish captivity, following the reign of Zedekiah, the inference is confidently made that this was the period at which Genesis was compiled. In spite of the established fact that flood legends are found among ancient peoples widely separated both in time and place, and that there are obvious divergencies in the Biblical narratives from any assumed "originals," there is no toleration for the theory that both Biblical and Babylonian accounts may have come originally from one source. Such a theory as this of the origin of the Genesis narrations merely places the Bible literature in a category entirely different from that filled by any other national literature whatever. If the Babylonians can have their traditions, the Egyptians theirs, the Greeks theirs, and the Hindus theirs, there

is no insuperable reason why the narrations in Genesis should not have come down in the same line of tradition for the Jewish people also. We have no authoritative reason for supposing that Moses originated them, or that they were not known to Abraham. Nor does the Mosaic authorship of Genesis involve that all of his materials were directly given by divine dictation. But any such reasonable counter-consideration will not be admitted by any "higher critic;" and there you are.

Precisely as the narratives in Genesis are confidently ascribed to writers of the period of the captivity, so also, the legal portions of the Pentateuch are divided into several successive—"developmental" or "evolutional" periods. The laws of Deuteronomy, in fact, could not, we are told, have been codified until a very late period. Marvelous discrimination! The very period is "discovered," in fact, by the narrations in the Bible itself! Thus, as we read in two parallel passages (II Kings xxii:8-14 and II Chronicles xxxiv:14-22), the High Priest Hilkiah, a man interested in suppressing the worship of "strange gods," discovered the Book of the Law in the Temple, and gave it to Shaphan, the scribe, to show to King Josiah. The king, as recorded, rent his clothes, and exclaimed, "Great is the wrath of the Lord that is poured out upon us, because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord, to do after all that is written in this book." Now, according to the "critics," all of whom possess to a marked degree Dr. Cheyne's "sympathy with an author," etc., King Josiah was the victim of an "enormous hoax." They hold that it is evidently established that Hilkiah and his friends concocted the "Book of the Law," and "palmed it off" on Josiah, in order to suit ends of their own. As "proof" of this conclusion, we are urged to consider the "improbability"—not to say, "impossibility," also—that this book could have been in existence previous to this period, and the laws go unobeyed. This argument is brought forward to insult the intelligence of the world, in spite of the facts (1) that remarks about "disobedience" are made in scriptures narrating events previous to Ezra's time, and by no certain arguments proved to be of later date, and (2) that examples of laws that are not obeyed, that are "dead letters," in fact, are familiar through history, even to our own day. Thus, conspicuously, a passage quoted by Professor William H. Green, of Princeton University, gives an historical parallel to a possible alternative conclusion in the matter, drawn from the history of France:

"When the barbarism of the domestic government (under the Carolingian dynasty) had thus succeeded the barbarism of the government of the State, one of the most remarkable results of that political change was the disappearance of the laws and institutions by which Charlemagne had endeavored to elevate and civilize his subjects. Before the close of the century in which he

died, the whole body of his laws had fallen into utter disuse throughout the whole extent of his Gallic dominions. They who have studied the charters, laws and chronicles of the later Carolingian princes most diligently, are unanimous in declaring that they indicate either an absolute ignorance or an entire forgetfulness of the legislation of Charlemagne."—*Sir J. Stephen, Lectures on the History of France.*

Now, it is fair to say that inferences based on such flimsy premises as those we have noted are not worthy to be considered sufficient to make us regard the Bible as an antiquated "scrap book," nor yet a mass of impudent forgeries. No other ancient literature has grown thus as a succession of accretions around a few central documents, in spite of the fact that, in many of them we find good evidences of additions and elaborations. Nor are the "two names of God," which form the apex of this inverted pyramid of guess-work, two names in any sense, any more than the words "God" and "Jehovah" are two distinct names. It is a curious fact that, as we shall see later, the very best-established assumptions of the "critics" are the ones in best accord with the theory of an ancient origin for the earlier books of the Bible.

Rest

Cease, oh eyes, thy constant watching,
Thou art weary of the light,
Rest thee, for the dawn of morrow,
Through the darkness of the night—
Oh, tired eyes!

Cease, oh feet, thy needless going,
Thou art weary of the climb,
For the hill is steep and rugged,
And night is thy resting time—
Oh, weary feet!

Cease, oh hands, thy myriad labors,
Thou art weary from the day;
But the prize the morning offered
Now is held within thy stay—
Ambitious hands!

Cease, oh soul, thy ceaseless longing,
For a purpose thou art here;
Heaven registers thy efforts,
Angel-watchers hover near—
Oh, yearning soul!

The Lake Regions of the Uintahs

H. Cardwell Clegg, of Provo, has favored the IMPROVEMENT ERA with a series of nine portraits of scenes in the summits of the Uintahs, one of the marvelous Utah mountain ranges, said to be in all likelihood the only range running east and west, in this country. Mr. Clegg and his company made a recent trip on snow shoes to the summits about which hundreds of large and smaller lakes are located. He reports that the snow fall is above normal and well-packed. During the week of April 3 to 8 nearly two feet additional fell, and he says that the reservoirs were covered with ten feet of snow on the ice. The summer scenery in this wonderland is best described by the United States Geological Survey:

"The scenery of this elevated region is singularly wild and picturesque, both in form and coloring. In the higher portions of the range where the forest growth is extremely scanty the effect is that of desolate grandeur; but in the lower basin-like valleys, which support a heavy growth of coniferous trees, the view of one of these mountain lakes with its deep green water and fringe of meadow land, set in the sombre frame of pine forests, the whole enclosed by high walls of reddish purple rock whose bedding gives almost the appearance of a pile of Cyclopean masonry, forms a picture of rare beauty."

Mr. Clegg states that in quiet contrast and more beautiful are the winter views at the summits of our Uintah mountains.

It should be added that in this region are a thousand marvelous, freshwater lakes which serve as reservoirs among the great peaks in whose shadows rise the Provo, the Weber and the Bear, whose waters, after mysterious meandering amidst the hills and valleys, empty themselves into our no less wonderful salt Inland sea. Within a stone's throw of these, other rivers have their source, whose crystal waters make their way through dreary deserts, unapproachable box canyons, and colored cliffs, to the Colorado, and thence through the Grand Canyon to the Pacific Ocean.



SCENES IN THE UINTAHS—HEADWATERS OF THE PROVO RIVER

(Top) Meadows between Trial lake and Wall lake. Traveling on skis, April 6, 1916.

(Center) Three miles above Soap Stone. The mode of travel is on skis. The man carries provisions, blankets and arms.

(Bottom) Wall lake in summer. Photos loaned by H. CARDWELL CLEGG, Provo, Utah.

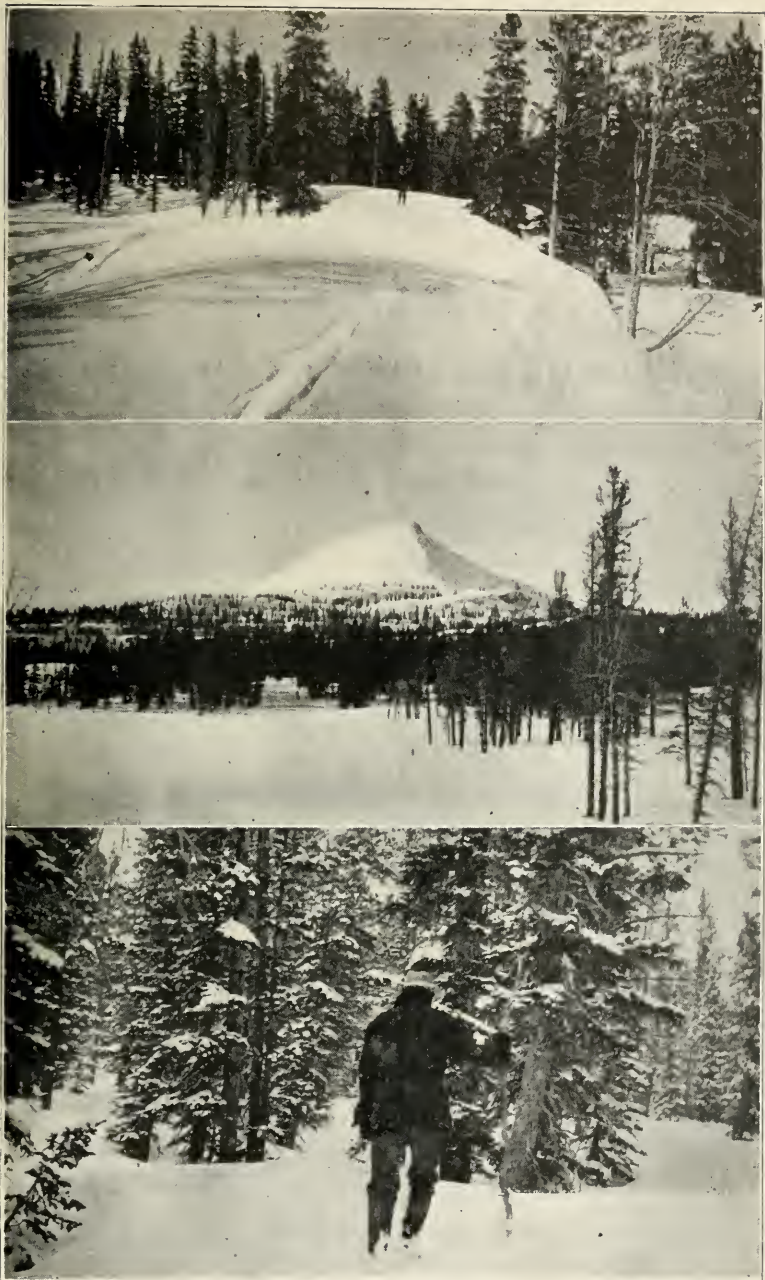


SCENES IN THE UINTAHS—HEADWATERS OF THE PROVO RIVER

(Top) Trial lake in the foreground. Mt. Bald in the background and at the right, Reid's peak at the left.

(Center) Summer scene at Trial lake cabin.

(Bottom) Trial lake cabin under the mound of snow at the left. The snow gage is under the feet of the man entirely covered. The average depth of snow in this region is ten to twelve feet. Photos loaned by H. CARDWELL CLEGG, Provo, Utah.



SCENES IN THE UINTAHS—HEADWATERS OF THE PROVO RIVER

(Top) Washington lake dam as photographed April 6, 1916.

(Center) Lake Washington in the foreground with Mt. Watson in the background looking over Washington lake dam. The average depth of snow is twelve feet.

(Bottom) The lake region on an April day. Photos loaned by H. CALDWELL CLEGG, Provo, Utah.

The World's Debt to Joseph Smith

BY ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE QUORUM OF THE
TWELVE APOSTLES

No man ever lived who taught the principles of the gospel more plainly than the Prophet Joseph Smith. God sends all great men into the world—poets, philosophers, painters, musicians, inventors, discoverers, all good and wise teachers; but the most important mission that can rest upon a human soul is the mission of a Prophet who comes with the divine message of salvation.

The world was full of poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, on that great day of Pentecost, when the conscious-stricken multitude cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" But the poets could not answer, the sculptors and painters could not answer, not even Caesar upon his throne could tell men what to do to be saved.

But there stood up a man who could and did give a definite, positive and true answer to the question. He was not an educated man; he was an unlettered fisherman, but nevertheless, a Prophet of God, and he told them just what they must do to be saved. He was, therefore, the most important man of his generation—Peter, the Apostle of Jesus Christ.

For the same reason the Prophet Joseph Smith was the most important man of his generation. Some day he will be honored by the whole world as a man who restored the lost knowledge of the true and living God, and

answered anew the all-momentous question: "What must we do to be saved?"

May the Lord of heaven give to us, and to all mankind, a knowledge of the truth, and a testimony of the mission of Joseph the Prophet. It was he who taught the doctrine, a new and strange doctrine to his generation, that husband and wife need not part forever, when death separates them. Among many other precious gospel truths, he proclaimed the eternity of the marriage covenant, when formed in obedience to the law of God, and showed that there were sacred ties by which husband and wife may be united eternally: the wife to her husband; the husband to his wife; the parents to their children, and the children to their parents, forever. This is one of the most comforting of Joseph Smith's teachings. There is no need that death should be an eternal parting—none whatever, if those united under God's law and by his authority perform their part.

Let us strive to come to the realization of the truth, that Jesus Christ is the world's Redeemer, and that without him there is no salvation. If he did not rise from the dead, our hope is vain. But it is my testimony that he did so rise, and that he is the author of salvation and eternal life to all who will believe and obey him.

And I testify that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, raised up to restore the everlasting gospel, the only plan of salvation. By means of this gospel all men may be saved, and those who are saved will be rewarded according to their works, and inherit celestial, terrestrial, or telestial glory, in the many mansions of our Heavenly Father.

The Use of the Tongue

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS UNIVERSITY

[This is the introductory chapter to a book entitled "The Spoken Word," by the author—a manual of conversation, story-telling, public speaking, and debating. It is now in the press and will soon be on sale.—EDITORS.]

To become proficient in conversation, story-telling, public speaking, and debating, three things are indispensable—abundant practice, careful study of general principles, and constant self-criticism with a view to improvement.

The first of these—plenty of practice—lies ready to the hand of any young person in the Church who is at all ambitious to succeed in any of these arts.

In conversation, besides the usual opportunities in a social way that fall to the lot of every one, the Latter-day Saint has at least two avenues not open to the lay member of any other church. One of these is ward teaching. Scores of men, young and old, in all our communities visit families every month for the purpose of conversing with them on religious topics. And then there are the house to house visits of the regular missionary away from home. Perhaps the largest and most important part of the foreign missionary's work nowadays consists of conversations at the fire-side. A successful missionary will have a hundred conversations where he will deliver one sermon. Now, since every young man among us may be both a foreign missionary and a ward teacher, there lies before him additional chances for the exercise of the graces of conversation that lend such charm to social intercourse.

Then consider the opportunities our young men and women have for the use of the story-teller's art. If they are Sunday school teachers, or teachers in the Primary Association, the Religion Class, or one of the Improvement organizations, they will be called upon to test their ability as story-tellers very frequently, and more frequently as time goes on, since the story is increasingly regarded as one of the most powerful and popular means of instruction at our disposal. And nearly every adult among us, as a matter of fact, is in one or more of these organizations. Besides, the home is made more of by our people than by others, and who that has anything to do with children in the home, whether in the capacity of parent or uncle or aunt or just a friend to the youngsters, but has to pay a heavy tax for his gift of story-teller?

And what mere layman of any other religious demonination has so many opportunities for public speaking as does the average member of the "Mormon" Church? Our preaching being done mainly by the lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, the business man, the farmer, the mechanic, and the man of no particular calling, instead of by a class of men who make preaching a profession, every one in the Church with the least disposition to do so, even women, may obtain practice in this activity out of all proportion to his special training in the art. In the sacrament meetings, in the priesthood quorums, in the auxiliary associations, in the mission field at home and abroad, there's a very great demand for public speaking. And not only so—the demand is increasing every year, not only in quantity but also in quality.

Finally, there is debating. If we use the word in its broad sense, there is even more debating within the Church, and always has been, than of story-telling or of preaching as it is generally understood in other churches. "Mormonism," being new to the world, has had to fight its way as no other religious organization has done since the primitive Church, and, fighting its way everywhere, it has developed a strong argumentative tone. Almost every gospel conversation is sure to grow into a miniature debate, if it continue long enough. Indeed, "Mormon" sermons, when closely examined, reveal more argument than narration or description, or even explanation. Every Latter-day Saint who uses his tongue at all in defense of his faith indulges in informal debate.

Here, then, lie opportunities for the practice of the art of oral speech which are not afforded so numerously to young people of any other community. No wonder a non-"Mormon" business man in Utah said before a body of business men not long ago that he believed he would join the "Mormon" Church to get practice in public speaking, so as to overcome his embarrassment every time he spoke in public. If any young person in the Church, therefore, wishes to excel in the various forms of this art let him avail himself of every chance that comes his way to practice it, let him become a teacher, a missionary, a preacher. I know there are writers on public speaking who advise the study of principles first. But this is clearly a mistake. Professor Dewey tells of some boys who had been taught in an old-fashioned school to go through the motions of swimming on the dry floor and who replied laconically, when asked what they did when they went into the water, "Sink!" That is the way with one who studies principles over much before he has any practice. Practice should always come first. It constitutes the very foundation of any art. We learn to do by doing. No matter how well we may know how to play the piano, to paint a picture, to write an essay, to preach a discourse, we shall never attain even the beginning of proficiency in these things if we do not actually play

the piano, use the brush, the pen, and the tongue. The best advice therefore that can be given to one who wishes to converse well, to tell a good story entertainingly, to speak in public effectively is actually to converse, to tell anecdotes and stories, to speak before an audience, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Thus he will not only be acquiring ease in the use of the tongue, but he will make his mind keen to see and utilize what he needs.

If practice alone were enough to give the highest proficiency in an art, the Latter-day Saints would be the best conversationalists, the best story-tellers, the best preachers, and the best debaters in the world. But practice is not all that is necessary. One must study also. For there are effective and ineffective ways of doing any given thing. Why do you find the conversation of one person "perfectly charming" and that of another "stupid and dull?" Why do you listen like a two years' child to the telling of a story by one person and turn a deaf ear to that of another? Why do you strain your attention when this man preaches, and fall asleep over the preaching of that one, or bring on a nervous breakdown trying out of courtesy to keep awake? Partly because of that mysterious something we call personality, for, primarily, Captain Delightful pleases us in chit-chat or story or sermon or what not for the simple reason that he is Captain Delightful and not Theophrastus Dryasdust. But it is partly, too, because he who pleases us in the employment of these arts observes, whether he knows it or not, certain principles that lie at the bottom of the art of speech.

For there are in all arts fundamental principles, to observe which is absolutely necessary if we would become proficient therein.

Take farming, for instance. What boots it to love the farm ever so ardently, to plant yourself on a quarter-section of land with animals and the necessary utensils, and to plug away till you wear yourself to the bone trying to wrest a living from the earth, if you do not know something about the chemistry of the soil, the behavior of plants, the economy of effort and product, the availability of the market, and the means and the laws of transportation? I am not saying how you shall obtain this knowledge; I am merely insisting that you must have it in order to succeed on the farm today. Put two men at work in the field, one with, the other without, such information, and you will quickly see the difference gradually working itself out in the situation. What is true of farming is true of any piece of work at which the hand of man expends effort. Can the carpenter use tools without knowing how to use them? Would you trust the watchmaker to take out your appendix?

Now, what is true in these things that we do with the hand is even more true of the things that we do with the tongue. There are certain great underlying laws of speech, which one must observe in order to be effective in this art. Of two persons who speak in public, for instance, one is effective, other things being equal, because he observes these laws, and the other is ineffective because he does not observe them. That is the simple truth. And again, I do not say how or where the successful preacher shall find these laws; I am but emphasizing just now the fact that use them he must. And I do not know that there is a better way to do a thing than to be aware of how it is to be done. Of course, some preachers and story-tellers and debaters and even conversationalists, like some farmers and mechanics, pick up the main essentials in their experience. That, however, is a long, a hard, a costly, and generally an ineffective way to acquire them. A farmer may require ten years to discover by this means what his son can learn at school in a single day. And so it may be in the arts we are considering here. One may blunder along the way to success through a series of painful embarrassments, whereas he might attain a higher goal sooner and with less distress and effort by taking advantage of the blunders and successes of those who have gone before.

The third requisite to effectiveness in the spoken word is self-criticism looking towards improvement.

To attempt a piece of work one wishes to do, even though one should fail utterly, always whets the appetite for any bit of knowledge that may be of aid in a second attempt. It makes the eyes keen to see, to segregate, and to apply. Practice in any art shows us where we lack, a study of the principles of that art shows us how to apply this lack, and the natural desire for efficiency in the art will induce us to apply these principles in our subsequent practice. Thus we have the circle completed—practice, study, self-criticism, and practice again.

This is an exquisitely delicate instrument, the tongue. Why should we not put forth every effort in our power to train it to do our bidding effectively just as we do the hand and the brain?

"The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity," defiling the whole body and setting it on fire of hell. How at its mercy we all are, whether it is our own or another's, like the dry stubble of which the prophet speaks, this is licked up by the tongue of the all devouring flame! It plays shuttle-cock and battle-dore with men's character, as witness a group of neighbors passing a morsel of local gossip from mouth to mouth. It jabs, too, like a sharp-pointed knife, as in the case of the woman we read of the other day who said to her friend, "Your husband has done so-and-so," and he had not, and the wife went away and shot herself. Idle words, all, Jesus says, for which we shall be called to account

some day. And so the tongue requires to be bridled, so that it shall not say what would best be left unsaid.

But it needs also assiduous discipline, so it shall speak when and what it should, and speak with such art as it may command. If, as Jesus declared, we shall be asked to account for every idle word, it is doubtless true, as the astute Franklin says, that we shall also be asked to give an account of every idle silence. For we may lie by not speaking. The character of our friend, or even of our enemy, may be unjustly assailed in our presence, and we may not offer a defense, or come to the rescue of a truth when we see it deliberately warped and twisted out of all recognition. The tongue needs to be fortified against this sort of lie, which we may term the silent lie.

And then there are the active duties. It is an extremely delicate task, for instance, this matter of entering the home of another and directing the conversation, as a ward-teacher, in a profitable and interesting channel so that the members, instead of regarding your presence there as an intrusion upon their privacy and being bored in consequence, shall sincerely wish you to come again. Then, too, the ability to tell a story well, or to build up a discourse, or to put a fact plainly and convincingly is not so common as one would think, considering that everybody has a tongue in his head. And so the tongue requires training in conversation "to take up what others say in easy comment, to give in return something which will please, to stimulate the silent and morose out of their vapors and surprise them into good-humor, to lead while one seems to follow;" in story-telling, to select and arrange the material not merely to hold the interest but likewise to keep the main line and to make every incident bear on the point to be brought out; in public address, including the debate, to pick what is needed out of a chaos of ideas, leaving what is not required, to organize this material in a clear and coherent and forceful manner with a view to a central thought, and then to express our thought, thus centralized, so that the amber of truth shall be manifest and, if possible, attractive.

Than the appropriate and skilful use of the tongue there is no more beautiful and desirable thing in the world of human society.

SALT LAKE CITY

The Bird Killers and Their Victims

BY J. H. PAUL, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

II—BIRDS THAT ARE HUNTED

In the previous article the birds of prey were described. Game, shore, and water birds will now be considered. Song birds are treated elsewhere.

UPLAND GAME BIRDS

The mourning dove, like the ill-fated passenger pigeon now exterminated, is unhappily still classed with game birds in our law. No boy scout should kill this beautiful bird, which may soon follow the passenger pigeon into oblivion. It consumes vast quantities of weed seed, hence is about two stars, **, in usefulness; its migration is slight, say to northern Mexico (S1). These doves are illustrated by Audubon pictures Nos. 2 and 6. The abbreviations are explained in the May ERA. The colored pictures, Mumford series (M) and Audubon series (A) will be most serviceable if pasted upon cardboard or bound into a book, with the brief description here given attached. The questions should be answered in writing after a study of the text. I know of no other method of bird study for beginners that will yield results more readily or more effectively. Birds need not be studied in any certain order, but may be taken up as fast as they can be observed in the open.

California Quail, feeds on grain and insects; nests on the ground. Cats, bird hawks, coyotes, and gunners are its chief enemies. *; R. (A. 58.)

Sage Grouse, feeds mainly on shoots and leaves of wild plants; its numerous enemies include men, the coyote, the wild cat, bird hawks, and some owls. Hence this fine game bird, next in size to the turkey, will soon become extinct unless the people unite to save it. ***; R.

This is also true of the gray ruffed and dusky grouse and ptarmigan; while the Gambel (M. 80) and California quail will probably survive if the protection by law is continued. (A. 63; Prairie Chicken M. 172.)

Turkey Vulture, a scavenger and an aid to sanitation; nests on rock ledges. The enemies in the West include men, especially foreigners. ***; R. (M. 79; Cormorant, M. 602.)

Of what use is (a) turkey vulture, (b) sage grouse, (c) Gambel's partridge? (d) Introduced quails and pheasants?

(O. D. 181-4; 179.) "O. D. means *Out of Doors in the West*.

Quote poets and prophets on the beauty of doves; why should they not be treated as game birds? (O. D. 182-3.)

What values, other than for food, do game birds have? (O. D. 172-3.)

Will America be a gameless continent? Why? (O. D. 170-3.)

LEADING SHORE BIRDS

Kildeer, feeds largely on insects, and makes its frail nests on the ground, open to the attacks of snakes, cats, rats. **; I. and C. (A. 23.)

Snowy Plover, feeds mostly on small insects, nests on the ground. Bird hawks are its chief enemies. **; Ex. (M. 135; Golden ***, C; M. 204; Upland, M. 147.)

Phalarope, Wilson's, feeds partly on insects, nests on the ground; enemies are men, bird hawks, and rats. **; Ex. (M. 77; Northern Phalarope, M. 475.)

Wilson Snipe, feeding largely on aquatic insects and worms; makes its nest in a tuft of grass; its chief enemy is the sportsman. **; C. (M. 169; Marbled Godwit, M. 410.)

Yellow legs, feeds on snails, worms, minnows, etc.; nests on ground near the marsh. Chief enemy, the sportsman. **; I. and C. (M. 75; spotted sandpiper, A. 51; Least, A. 52.)

Western Willet, feeds chiefly on water insects and crustacea; nests in tussocks of grass, near water's edge. Chief enemies, rats, man. **; I. (M. 361; Avocet, C. M. 64; Black-necked Stilt, C. and Ex.; M. 155.)

Long-billed Curlew, worms, small molluscs, and insect larvae, taken with its long bill from the soft ground. The nest is a slight depression in a dry meadow bottom. The chief enemy is man, who may soon exterminate it; rats, coyotes, wild cats, and birds of prey all are helping man in his determined efforts to put an end to this fine species. **; I. (M. 506.)

What good or harm do shore birds do? (O. D. 184-5.)

Which shore birds are peculiar to the West? (O. D. 187-189.)

How distinguish, at sight, the kildeer, Wilson snipe, yellow legs, willet, and curlew?

OTHER NOTABLE SHORE SPECIES

Snowy Egret; feeds on small fishes, frogs, and aquatic insects; chief enemy, the woman of fashion, who wears egret feathers. Except in a few places this egret has been practically exterminated by the plume hunters. Utah has a few colonies of these fine birds about Bear River, and may succeed in saving

them. **; Ex. (M. 70; Great Blue Heron, Sl. or I, M. 159; Crane, M. 224; Black-crowned night heron, M. 53.)

White-faced Glossy Ibis; food consists of crayfish, frogs, snails, and aquatic insects; breeds in colonies with herons and other marsh birds in swamps. Enemies, rats and gunners. **; I. (M. 166.)

American Bittern, feeding on frogs, small fishes and water insects; nest on or near ground; chief enemies, rats, men. *; C. (M. 321.)

White Pelican, of no known value except as objects of curiosity and science, feeding on fish. Nest a simple depression in the sand of Bird Island in Great Salt Lake. Tourists are their greatest menace; but fishermen massacre them in great numbers. Sl (M. 395.)

Why is the strange claim made that "pelicans feed the gulls"? What would happen to Salt Lake gulls if pelicans should be exterminated? (O. D. 196-198.)

What three striking features of external form are common to herons, ibises, stilts, and pelicans? Which of these features is less pronounced with the crane? Why? What habits do these characters prove? (O. D. 194-200.)

SOME OF THE SWIMMERS

Coot or mudhen, feeds on insects, seeds, and vegetation; build nests in colonies a few feet apart of interlaced reeds and rushes, floating on the water surface, but anchored among the growing reeds. The enemies are water rats, birds of prey, and gunners ambitious to kill something. *; Sl. or I. (M. 140; Rail, **; Sl.; M. 297.)

Mallard, the finest of wild ducks. It deserves a high rating as the progenitor of domestic ducks, and because of its use as game. The nest is on the ground in grass near the edges of ponds. The chief enemy is man, ably seconded by duck hawks, other birds of prey, and predaceous animals. ***; C. (A. 36; also canvasback, M. 65; pintail, A. 76; shoveler, A. 84; gadwall, M. 554; Canada goose, M. 162; swans, M. 270; teal, M. 306, 298, 104; old squaw, 165.)

Bonaparte gull, nest on ground; enemies, men. Sl. (M. 252.) California gull, the Salt Lake species, has likewise but slight migration. *** in use. An account of the gulls, and of the Western crickets destroyed by them, is given in *Farm Foes and Bird Helpers*.

Black Tern; the food consists of small fish, large insects, etc.; the nest is on floating or standing rushes in water; rats and other animals are its chief enemies. *; Ex.. (M. 28; Forster's Tern, M. 29.)

What is proved by the bills of pelicans? Blue herons? Avocets? Curlews? Mergansers? Gulls? Terns? Ducks? Geese? (O. D. 192-3.)

What peculiarity in the mating of phalaropes? (O. D. 193.)

What life ways are indicated by the legs and feet of stilts, pelicans, herons, cranes, gulls? (O. D. 194-201.)

LOWEST AND STRANGEST FORMS

Eared Grebe, food mainly aquatic insects and probably small fish; nests usually float in about 18 inches of water, built of reeds and debris. The chief enemies are men and birds of prey. *; I. and C. (M. 363; Pied Billed, M. 37.)

Loon; this rare migrant should be saved if possible. *; I. (A. 78.)

What life ways are indicated by the wings of terns and ducks? The feet and tail of loons and grebes? The bill of loons and cormorants? (O. D. 202-8.)

In the last report of the State Bureau of Statistics, a copy of which may be found in public libraries, an account is given of how all these birds are diminishing in number. More than any other class of people, boy scouts may be able to aid in saving them. Will the boys help? Upon their response may depend the future of the wild game in Western America.

Shall the Man go Free?

When two are caught by the web of sin,
With its meed of shame close woven in,
Have you ne'er wondered why it should be,
That only at length the man goes free?

Goes free while the woman writhes therein,
As the world moves on with scorn or grin,
Or with eyes averted, void of care,
For her who alone the sting must bear?

Shall the man go free? O sister mine,
Free through the realms of the future time,
When he shall take and shall fling aside,
A woman's glory, a woman's pride?

'Tis you and I who are most to blame
For woman's anguish, she must remain
Insnares, the target for word and brand,
Till we shall lend a more helpful hand.

When woman to woman shall loyal be,
Then shall the man go no longer free,
When two are caught by the web of sin,
With its meed of shame close woven in.

GRACE INGLES FROST



The third act of the play was hastening to its dramatic close, and the packed house sat breathlessly awaiting the climax.

Would Laura go back to her life of sin? Would the polished, wealthy, influential man of the world prevail upon her to give up the struggle with failure and poverty and go back to him? Laura was unable to pay the landlady the rent for her simple lodgings. She lunched in her room on crackers and a bottle of milk. Her clothes were getting shabby. She was financially "down and out." She was discouraged beyond words. And just then came this man and offered to take her back, clothe her in silks, feed her with the finest in the land, and see that she had a leading part in the theatrical world in which he was interested. The struggle to decide was on.

But what would John say, John, *the* man whom she had left back in Colorado—the man who loved her, and whom she loved? They had met out there, they had forgiven each other their failings for the sake of the true love which had come to them. They had parted, she to go back to New York and make her career on the stage, he "to make his pile" before he would come to claim her. But John had, seemingly, forgotten her, had not sent her any money to help her. What would John say?

It was so much easier to go with this man who would provide her with all the material luxuries she desired, yes, so much easier. Could she not go back to the old life just for a little while? She would not tell John, though she had promised to tell him if she ever did. She had to live—

There was a period of tense silence on the stage as well as in the auditorium. Laura stood by the open window looking out at the smoke and traffic of the crowded city. The man stood at the farther end of the room, watching his victim, waiting for the decision which he knew would be for him. Laura turned slowly, lifted a haggard face to the man, and began: "I will—"

Just then a young girl arose from a seat in the front row of the gallery of the theatre, and in a voice loud enough to be heard in all parts of the house, she cried:

"Don't go, oh, don't go with him!"

*This story won first place in the March ERA story contest. Illustrations by Le Conte Stewart.

There was a momentary pause in the play, a murmur of amused comment by the audience, and then the act was closed. Laura went back to her life of shame—she chose the easier way.

Miss Gilda Edgeworth was not a professional actress. She had taken part in school entertainments ever since she could talk, and she had played leading lady in the high school dramatics. In the small western city where she lived there were not enough theatre-going people to support a stock company giving daily performances. Mr. Walter Holt, bookkeeper for the new Harvester Company, claimed to be a semi-professional stock company manager. It was he who organized this town company and put on the boards of the local theatre a number of plays. He declared that there was talent enough in the town to warrant first class productions, and a number of royalty plays were presented in the course of the winter. He soon discovered Gilda Edgeworth, cast her in the most difficult roles, and predicted for her a brilliant career, if she would continue in the profession. At the "height of the season," they presented "The Downward Road," a play which had had a run of a hundred nights in New York, and an equal number, it was claimed, in Chicago. The difficult part of Laura, the girl who took the downward road, was played by Gilda Edgeworth, and it taxed her histrionic abilities to the utmost.

At the close of the performance, on the night when the little disturbance came from the gallery, Miss Edgeworth, fully dressed for the street, lingered about the wings of the stage. Mr. Holt, coming out from his dressing room, saw her, and immediately went up to her.

"I congratulate you," he exclaimed eagerly, "you did splendidly."

"Thank you—it was a very hard part to play," she said.

"Yes, it is; and I assure you, some stars have done no better than you did tonight."

"I—I want to talk to you, Mr. Holt. I—"

"Well, we'll go down the street and have a bite to eat. Then you can tell me what you have to say."

"Thank you, but I would rather not tonight. I'm very tired; but tomorrow, where can I meet you?"

"I shall call at the house."

"If you will, please. Good night."

He would have pleaded the privilege of escorting her home, but her big brother now appeared and carried her safely away.

About five in the afternoon, Walter Holt called at the Edgeworth residence and Gilda herself let him in. The parlor was warm and cozy. A fire glowed in the grate, and easy chairs in the warmth invited them to sit. The young man had never seen his

"leading lady" in the quiet of her home before. Devoid of paint and make-up and clad in a becoming house dress, she fitted the home more perfectly than she did the stage; and Mr. Holt, at that moment, would have been glad of the opportunity of telling her so.

"Thank you for coming," she said, as she seated herself in a



*"The fire in the grate glowed dimly."
"The parlor was warm and cozy."*

chair opposite him by the grate. "I wanted to tell you that I cannot go on with the play we are rehearsing."

"Oh, what is the matter? are you not well?"

"I'm well enough. It isn't that. I don't think I'm doing just the right thing to present to the public what I am doing—to hold up to them such ideas and ideals."

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, that you may understand, let me make some comments on the play we have just closed. All along I have been troubled about it, but I closed my heart against what I supposed was foolish sentiment, and went on with it to the end."

"You don't mean that interruption last evening. Why, that was a wonderful compliment to your acting. The girl was carried away. She thought for the moment that it was real."

"No, Mr. Holt, I don't mean that, although the incident had a deep meaning. It was more than an incident, it was a warning, an expression of a feeling that was general in that big audience last night. Listen"—the speaker leaned into the glow of the fire which played on her expressive face—"that girl who could not keep still is a neighbor of ours. I know her and she knows me. This morning she came to beg my pardon. She sat right there in the chair you are in, and, with tears in her eyes, she said this:

"'Miss Gilda, it may have been foolish of me, but I couldn't help it. Your acting became real to me. I followed you in your struggles to do the right thing—there were twelve of us girls up there, and some of them I know need just now all the assistance they can get to keep right. We followed you. We gloried in your pluck. We felt for you, we lived with you. You became our goddess. And then just when you should have shown your grit, when you should have spurned the base propositions of your tempter, why, you failed—you failed *us*. You chose the easiest way. Oh, if you had only *died fighting*! What an inspiration you would have been to us.'"

Walter Holt did not smile at this recital. When he was not watching Miss Edgeworth's face, he was looking into the fire.

"What could I say to that, Mr. Holt? I tried, in a halting way, to explain that it was just a play; but to tell you the simple truth I had no argument to refute that girl's case against me."

"Well, you know, Miss Edgeworth, art is not always pleasant. Ours is to hold up the mirror to nature, and often ugly and sad things are reflected."

"I don't object to holding up the ugly and the sad, if there is some good end to be gained; but consider, for a moment, *The Donward Road*. All through the play, the sin of immorality is treated as something quite commonplace. Virtue is disposed of for fine food and clothes. Mr. Holt, you have not lived in this community long; perhaps you do not know that nine-tenths of our

audience, last night, have been taught that adultery is the greatest sin one can commit, next to the shedding of innocent blood. Our young men and young women have been admonished to guard their virtue as sacredly as their lives. I shudder when I think that by my acting I might have lessened this teaching, that I might have intimated to those young girls that to sin is a possible way of escape from poverty."

He murmured something about art.

"Art," she exclaimed, in tone and gesture which she could never hope to equal on the stage, "the art of living is greater than the art of acting. What are the things of art in comparison to the things of life? What is my stage career when weighed against even the humblest of God's creatures?" She arose and stepped to the table where she nervously opened and closed the book she had been reading. "No, I'm through with acting, if by it I may suggest that the downward road is preferable because it is easiest."

"Another thing," she interrupted him as he was about to speak, "did it ever strike you that 'The Downward Road' makes the sin of lying grosser than that of immorality. Why, the male characters prate of the despicableness of the deceit of lying; but there is no evidence of a troubled conscience in regard to the immoral lives they lead."

"What then shall we do with 'Without the Bonds?'" asked Mr. Holt. "Of course, I see why you refuse to play Valerie West in that."

"That's why I am telling you now so that you may get someone else to take my part. I'm through."

"I'm sorry, Miss Edgeworth."

"I don't know what you are sorry for—excuse me, Mr. Holt," she smiled at him as he looked up from his contemplation of the fire; "but if you are sorry unto repentance, don't put on 'Without the Bonds.'"

"Why?"

"It's a bad play, bad for this community, bad for my girl friends. Listen, Mr. Holt: Valerie West, the pure, simple-minded artist's model draws everybody's sympathies to her. She and the artist, for whom she poses, fall in love. He wishes to marry her. She refuses, because such a marriage would estrange him from his family—it would ruin him socially. Then, in one of the great climaxes of the play she seems to rise above commonplace conventionality and offers to be his wife, without the marriage form; and she does this in a way that implies that she is not doing a great wrong, but that she is sacrificing for the sake of love. The impression goes out that she is doing a truly heroic act. Now, Mr. Holt, I can imagine my girl friends sitting in front of me, following my every word and gesture in the part of Valerie,

wrapped up in me, and then, being shocked with such a proposition from a pure minded girl."

"Perhaps they would not be shocked," suggested he.

"Your New York or Chicago audiences may not be, but I would be sorry indeed if ours were not shocked. I don't think our people are calloused to such things, and I hope they never shall be. A tender consciousness of right and wrong is a strong safeguard."

"But in the end Valerie learns that she is wrong in her views."

"In the book, that is true, but not in the play. Someone with a distorted idea of art has taken liberties with the story. The play is bad. I wouldn't present it."

Walter Holt did not reply; but he looked strangely at this girl. Never before had one spoken to him like this on the relationship between the drama and life. Was she acting? He hoped not.

There seemed nothing more to keep the young man. Miss Edgeworth had said what she wanted to say, and now remained silent. The short winter day was closing, and the dusk was creeping into the house. The fire in the grate reddened the room with its warm light. The silence becoming somewhat emphatic, Gilda arose, went to the windows and pulled down the blinds. Then she was about to switch on the light.

"Don't," he said. "The fire-light alone is so cozy. Come, won't you sit in this chair by the hearth. From this vantage point you have pleaded your case, and you have won. Now, Miss Edgeworth, I also have a case to plead, and I hope I shall be as successful as you have been."

Gilda dropped into the big arm chair opposite him. She wondered what his "case" might be. His tone, always respectful to her, now seemed to portend something more important than drama and stage. Although in the past, these two had been on the most friendly terms, there had been no love making. He had been very "nice" to her. He had taken her a number of times to an after-the-play supper; but then, was he not the manager, and was she not the leading lady?

"May I begin at the beginning?" he asked slowly and carefully, "and tell you a little about myself?"

"You have been patient with me. Why should not I now listen?"

"Thank you. * * I might have been an actor, a professional actor. Some people have been kind enough to tell me I would have succeeded, had I kept on; but early in the game I found out that some professions, and notably that of the stage, usually take those who engaged in them exclusively out of touch with life; and as you have expressed it, life is vastly more valuable

than any art for art's sake. Art, so we are told, must of necessity be selfish. Actors, for instance, can have no ideal family life—they must be wedded to their art, and woe be to any ulterior influence which comes to the actor to divide his affections. I came to these conclusions, happily, in time, and that's why I am now a bookkeeper instead of a possible star."

The young man smiled at his own egotistical suggestion. Gilda, with elbow on arm-chair and chin in hand, followed him, as he continued:

"You may think it strange, then, that I have been encouraging dramatic performances here in the town. Of course, what we have done is largely amateurish, though I must say we have developed an unusual amount of talent among the young people. I do not think any of these people will become professional actors. I hope this, at least for you, Miss Edgeworth."

"Why for me only, Mr. Holt? Surely if—"

"See, how selfishness crops out. I had really forgotten, for a moment, the consideration due the many—in my thought of you. * * And now I must plead guilty of thinking of you a good deal, Miss Edgeworth."

Gilda said nothing of this outburst of confidence.

"May I tell you frankly that I have found what I have been seeking for years. I think I have found a girl whose very nature is so delicately attuned to what is beautiful or ugly, to what is right and what is wrong that she refuses to present even in play-acting the ugly and the wrong. Listen! A number of times I have cast the part of Laura in 'The Downward Road' and Valerie in 'Without the Bonds' to young ladies I have known and taken an interest in; but never until now have they objected to their playing such parts. None of these girls sensed what you have sensed that no one can handle soiled things, even in play, without contamination."

"Then I, Mr. Holt, am contaminated!"—this with some fire in her tone.

"No, no; not you; this experience of yours has but demonstrated your delicacy of perception, your fineness of mind and heart. These other girls did not know that they were handling soiled things. You did, and that's the difference. * * * This has been a little experiment on my part to find the girl of my ideals. I have found that girl, Gilda, Miss Edgeworth, and—"

"What about those other girls? and what about those other audiences, Mr. Holt? It seems to me that not only is art selfish, but so are those who use it for their own ends."

This was a thrust into an unguarded position. Truly, the man had been so wrapped up in his own trying-out schemes, that he had not sensed the harm he might have been doing to those

whom he had used as means. His unfairness came to him now, however, and it was a point in his favor that it did come. He was silent for a time. The fire in the grate glowed dimly red, and was nearly out; but neither noticed that.

"Yes," he admitted, "perhaps I have been selfish also, and have done wrong in my selfishness. If I could undo any such wrong, I would. But I may get your pardon, may I not? Don't think me wholly mean. If selfishness blinded my eyes, love has now opened them; and by that beautiful light, I see you, my dear girl, in all your radiant glory. I love you. I have blundered towards you, but I am in the light now, and please, I beg of you, do not send me out into the outer darkness!"

He arose, and with outstretched hands, he stepped closely



"She placed the table between them."

to her. She retreated, trembling, and pale of countenance. "Don't," she pleaded, "please don't." She placed the table between them.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have upset you terribly. You have not expected this from me. But I had to tell you. I know I have no claims on your love; but all I ask now is that I might be given a chance. At present we'll not do any more acting, either of good or bad plays. Let us but live. Let us try to enter the life God intended for us. Let us take our time, and study each other. I am willing that you should know all about me. I am satisfied with what I know of you. I—"

There came a knock on the door. Gilda went out to answer it. Presently, she came back. "It was the dinner announcement," she said. "Will you stay?"

"As you say. Would you care to have me stay?"

"Well, no; not this evening,—some other time."

"Then I'll go now."

She fetched his coat and hat, and together they went to the door.

"May I come again?" he asked.

"Do you think you ought?"

"There can be no question about that. I shall come, if you do not forbid it; and I shall not take a refusal from you, no, not now—never, Gilda."

"Good night, Mr. Holt."

"Good night, Gilda. I shall call off all rehearsals. We had barely started, you know, with the new play. I shall be here by eight o'clock, tomorrow evening,—no, by seven-thirty."

He took the offered parting hand. "You'll give me a chance, will you not?"

"Everyone should have a fair chance," she said.



GILDA.

(Illustrations by Le Conte Stewart.)

The Church Stands for Prohibition

BY ELDER ANTHONY W. IVINS

[The sermon of Elder Anthony W. Ivins, at the April conference, is a combination of truth and wisdom that should be very carefully studied. It indicates how the citizens of the state may have what they earnestly desire from their government, or from men who are designed to become temporarily their political rulers. Even some moral questions, such as the question of prohibition is, can only be solved by the state which is the actual controlling power of all other organizations. Moral questions that must be sustained by law must be solved by the political power. The Church cannot say thus and so it must be; it can only express its wants. The power lies with the individual man and woman who must work to the end desired through the machinery of the state.

Do the people of Utah want Prohibition? It will not come directly through the dictum of any one leader, and particularly a religious or moral leader, but it must and can come through the direct personal activity of the citizenship of the state, through the regularly provided political machinery of the state. As voters of the state, therefore, we should see to it that the nominees of all political parties for all political offices are instructed in the primaries. All should be pledged so that none shall escape responsibility. If they will not be so pledged to prohibition, then is the time and opportunity to fight. There is where the responsibility rests. Not one nominee for any office should escape pledging himself to the specific will of the people on this subject.

What then is the duty of the members of the Church, citizens of the state? We think the question is fully answered by Elder Ivins in the closing paragraphs of his sermon, quoted below.—EDITORS.]

THE RIGHT KIND OF MEN WANTED

I am going to assume to say that the one thing in the world that is needed today, the one great preparedness that the world needs is the men—men of integrity, men of faith, men of economy, men of industry, men who will control and manage your public affairs as you manage and control your private affairs, men selected by the voice of the people.

If conditions of confusion exist in the world, I always look to the word of the Lord for a remedy, because I believe in it, I believe in it as he gave it to his people anciently, I believe in it as he revealed it to us through his prophet in this dispensation. I believe in it as it comes to us in the day in which we live. If the word of the Lord is to be depended upon, the safety and development and welfare of the people of all nations depend upon the

selection of good men, and honest men, and righteous men to represent them in public affairs.

THE STATE CONTROLS, HENCE SHOULD HAVE GOOD MEN AS LEADERS

How are you going to separate the church from the state? The state controls the church absolutely, controls your property, controls your lives. It takes your property from you if it wishes, it presses you into service, it declares war or makes peace and you cannot avoid it, however much you may desire, and however much we may claim that we are independent, that what we have belongs to us. After all, the finality is that the state controls us. Is it necessary or important, then, that good men administer public affairs, trustworthy men? It seems to me that it is; not only necessary, but absolutely indispensable, and that is the reason I am calling your attention to it. There can be no peace, there can be no perpetuity of the institutions of this country without it, there can be no proper development in this state of ours without it.

THE DUTY OF CHURCH MEMBERS

I don't know that I need take time to read it to you, but here, in the Doctrine and Covenants (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 98:4-10) the Lord tells us that in order that those conditions may be maintained it is our duty to seek out good men, and wise men and just men to control our civil affairs. I want to put emphasis on these words, "Seek out." It seems to me that it has almost come to a point when, instead of seeking out men to serve us, we sit supinely down and let the men seek the office, and hunt their way in. A man said to me the other day, "I have been approached and asked to run for governor. I have been told that if I can put up ten thousand dollars I will have a good chance to be elected." That kind of politics is dangerous. Men ought to be sought out by the people. Do you know what the Lord said to the Nephites who lived upon this continent of ours, and who were destroyed because of the very forces to which I am referring? Mosiah said, when they would have elected him king, that it was not wise, nor proper that a king should be elected among them, but rather, he said, let men be chosen by the voice of the people to frame laws, and administer them. It was done, and they administered the law in righteousness. For sixty years there was peace, but at the end of that time there came elements into the politics of the nation which, under the very same laws, the very same constitution, so ingratiated themselves into the hearts of the people that the majority voted for wicked men instead of good ones, and the historian bears record that in the beginning of that sixtieth year, when the majority of the people accepted wicked men as

their chief judges and rulers, their dissolution and destruction commenced.

A NOTE OF WARNING

So it is going to continue to be in all nations, and I wanted to sound this note of warning. Men who do the will of the people should be sought for office. Have I had any reason to doubt that the will of the people will be done, or has been done by men that you have elected to office? I think you only need to review the history of the last six years for an answer to this question. In a congregation similar to this, the Presidency of the Church, the presiding authorities of the Church, expressed themselves clearly and unmistakably upon a great issue which was before the people, and we voted here to sustain that issue. The words were published, and have gone out to the world, and repeatedly you have sent men up here who absolutely ignored it, ignored your will, for I believe it was the will of the majority.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NEGLECT?

Who was responsible for it? We don't want you to hold us responsible. We do not elect legislators. You who hold the franchise in this state, are responsible, and if you don't want good laws, if you want this state to continue to stand abashed and humiliated among its neighbors, if you want it to continue to sustain the two most pernicious influences that are at work today in the world for the destruction of your sons and daughters, go on sending up men that will vote for liquor, for open saloons, and with them for houses of prostitution, and it won't be very long till you will get it. I tell you that you must control it, you must subject it to your will, or it will subject you to its will.

THE CHURCH WANTS PROHIBITION

I do not want to be misunderstood on this question. If you are like those people to whom I have referred, if the majority want a wicked man, a man who will disregard your will, send him up; but do not be deceived; in the words of Rudyard Kipling, "Do no allow knaves to twist the truth men utter to make traps for foolish men and women," and lead them to believe that truth is error, and error truth; but exercise your judgment, with the Spirit of the Lord to direct you, and take this matter in hand and control it. There has been no change of policy so far as the Church is concerned, upon that great question of prohibition. It stands right where it did in the beginning. We are for it and want it.

“Mormonism” Makes for Good Citizenship*

BY BISHOP CHARLES W. NIBLEY

I gladly testify to you of my faith and confidence in this work of the Lord and of the blessing that it has in store for mankind, to all who believe and obey.

While the first song was being sung this afternoon, “Loyal to the true and the right,” I thought in that line was composed the whole duty of man, for, if I am loyal to the truth and to the right in all things, then I must be at all points acceptable to God, my Heavenly Father. We are taught, in the revelations of the Almighty to this Church, the doctrine of loyalty. If we believe really and truly in the doctrines of the Church, and believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, then that very belief must of necessity make us better citizens than those who do not so believe. Why? Because I believe that God Almighty raised up men to lay the foundations of this great government. I believe in the Book of Mormon, which declares that there should be no king upon this land, but that God would be our King. By a singular co-incidence, the writer of one of our national songs seems to have hit upon this thought, when he declares in the last verse of the hymn, “My country, ’tis of thee”:

“Our father’s God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom’s holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.”

The same inspiration that gave to Joseph Smith the understanding that there should be no king, but that the Lord would be our King upon this land, gave to the author of the song, our national anthem (who, by the way, is a Smith also) the same inspiration, that the Lord our God should be King over this land. Believing so, and understanding that the Lord has had a hand in the establishment of this freedom and liberty that we enjoy,—I say that if I really believe it, and live by it, that citizenship which I have must of necessity be more sacred to me, and will make me a better citizen than the man who does not believe that God raised up the founders of this land, and that he declared that there should

*Remarks at the late Annual Conference of the Church, April, 1916.

be no king, only that he should be King, and that we should have him and look to him as King and Ruler of all.

So, "Mormonism" makes for good citizenship, don't you see?—the best, the very best that there is. I do not say but what there are millions of excellent citizens,—I know there are—in our land here, who are loyal to what they believe to be right, but I want to impress upon you, and if my words could only go out to the world who do not understand us, this further fact that my religion impels me, constrains me, nay, I may say compels me, if I will listen to its advice, to be a better citizen in consequence of the belief in that religion, than I could be without it. And so we desire, as said in Brother Stephens' song, to be "loyal to the true and the right."

There is no hyphen with "Mormonism." We have in this Church no Scotch-Americans or Danish-Americans, or German-Americans, not one; we are all *Americans*. Why? Because God is our King. No King George of England or King Wilhelm of Germany or any other do we acknowledge here, only the great God Almighty, he is our Ruler, he is our King, him we will serve. And so right on that, a question is settled which has to a certain extent perplexed this nation at this time, the hyphenated American, as they call him, who owes, as he thinks, some allegiance to some other country than his own, whether it be England or Germany or what it be. In England they are singing, today, as they sing always, "God save our gracious king, Long live our noble king, God save the king," but in this country we are singing, "Great God, our King," and the hyphenated citizen cannot exist in "Mormonism." There is a problem that is solved by our religion which may trouble the people, and which has troubled some of the leaders of this nation, and is troubling them at the present time, and I would like the word to go out that by the very fact that a man is a Latter-day Saint, a member of the "Mormon" Church, if you please, that by that fact it is impossible for him to be a hyphenated citizen or to have any hyphen between his native country and his home here in the mountains. His religion teaches him loyalty—teaches him that he must absolve himself from all emperors, from all potentates, from all countries; and that this is the land of Zion, and that he must abide here and revere the King of this land, who is God Almighty himself.

Now I am not saying that there are not good people in different lands who take different views on this question. I admire the peoples, many of them, who are at war at this present time. The German nation as a people—there is no better people in all the world than the German people; they have proved it, too, before this war began, in efficiency, in every man who could work being at work, work provided for him in some way, and more or less every man contented and comparatively happy. They had

given all the nations of the world a lesson in this respect; they had even given us a lesson, but there are those who hold, and I am one of them, that the very system which has grown up there is to some extent subversive of liberty; the system, not the people; the people, I repeat, are of the very best and choicest in the world. Our German brethren and sisters, who have come from that land, and are settled with us here in this land of Zion, there are no better people among us; you cannot produce them anywhere. But I wish those German brothers and sisters, and English and Scotch and French, to remember this—I must repeat it again, and my time is up, I see—that there is no hyphen connected with the loyalty of citizenship when once you are a "Mormon."

I used that word "Mormon" as applied to a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, so that it may be more widely known, if possible, that this Church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, makes for the best citizenship in all the world. The very teaching of my Church, my religion, the counsel of those who are over me, the revelations of Jesus Christ to me, impel me to the best citizenship, to be "loyal to the true and the right," and that there shall be no hyphen connected with "Mormonism" and the citizenship of any one who is connected with it.

God bless you, bless Israel, bless those who give guidance and direction to this organization; the Lord does that through his servants. The Lord bless those servants that we may listen to them, and if we do we will never go far wrong. The Lord bless Zion, multiply and increase the people of Zion; that we may be kind to the poor, that we may see that the people do not suffer—that is a principle of our religion and we must live it—the poor shall not want and suffer while there is abundance in the Church. The Lord bless us and help us to understand our duties and do them, and be "loyal to the true and the right," through Jesus Christ. Amen.

A clean City. A local Salt Lake City newspaper recently announced that "Tomorrow night the clean-up campaign ends, and when it ends Salt Lake will be the cleanest city in the United States. This is what the health inspectors say." Now, let the police department join the health department, and have a clean-up, so that in addition to being the cleanest city in the United States as far as rubbish is concerned, she may also be the cleanest city morally. The adoption of prohibition by the next legislature would help very materially in this direction. In the mean time, there is plenty of dirt much worse than rubbish.

Coincidence or Consequence? The "New York Independent" under this head says: "Women have voted in New Zealand for twenty years. The lowest death rate for babies in the world is in New Zealand. Women also vote in Norway, Australia, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. The next lowest death rates for babies in the world are in these countries."

EDITORS' TABLE



A Few Reminders for Voters

Lee Mitchell Hodges, writing in the *New York Independent*, May 8, quotes Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university, as saying: "The German investigations on the mental effects of very limited doses of alcohol, doses which most people have always supposed to be completely innocuous, * * * seemed to me to prove that even twenty-four hours after taking a small dose of alcohol, the time-reaction in the human being is unfavorably affected. Now, the quickness of the time-reaction is important to every mechanic and to every artizan."

The *New York Clipper*, devoted to theatrical and circus interests, says: "Showfolk, has John Barleycorn and his numerous offshoots been draining your bankroll? Did they eat up the better part of your earnings last season? Have you a bank account upon which to rely when the dark days come? Did booze ever do you any good? No! We are not preaching. We are just giving you some food for thought. Boys! There's nothing to it. Let's all get together and give old John Barleycorn and his piratical crew such a wallop that he can never come back."

It is a fact that the United States spent more than \$2,000,000,000, on drink last year which was twice as much as the cost of our public schools for the same period. The *Umpire*, a paper published by and for the convicts in Pennsylvania, shows that a former prosecuting attorney of Camden stated that out of forty capital punishment cases he had been connected with, every man who committed a murder was actuated either directly or indirectly by liquor. He also shows that more than 80% of prisoners committed during the past two years, in a number of prisons in New York, were drinkers of liquor.

Colonel Maus, recently retired as surgeon-general of the eastern department of the United States, after forty-one years of service during which he organized the health service in the Philippines, says: "Practically all of the crime committed in the army, directly or indirectly, can be traced to the effects of alcohol."

An official of the Dupont Powder company, when recently issuing an order prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors by the company's workmen at Penn's Grove, New Jersey, remarked that "A man with a bottle of whiskey in his possession is as dangerous around a powder plant as a bomb-thrower."

In a recent number of a local paper in Salt Lake City, we

read that a young man on the morning of May 3, after he had robbed a saloon on West South Temple Street, was arraigned before a judge in the criminal division of the city court charged with burglary. He entered a plea of guilty, in these words: "Brown is not my right name, and I would rather go to jail for life than to disgrace my family by telling it. I am a native of Salt Lake, a scion of an old Utah family." The boy then made a plea for another chance. He said that drink had been his curse, and if he were allowed to go he would straighten up and be a man. He was bound over to the district court.

Pledge all party candidates, and vote for those only who will support the slogan: "*We stand for state- and nation-wide prohibition.*"

The Mysterious City

"The Gold-Seekers" is the title of a story of adventure told by Edward J. Hoyt, an old Leadville, Colorado miner, and set down by Dr. Vance Hoyt. It is printed in the May, 1915, number, (Vol. 35, No. 205) of the *Wide World Magazine*. The story describes the adventures of Mr. Hoyt and his friend W. W. Palmer, known as "Rocky Mountain Bill," and their companions, in their four-year search for gold, as prospectors, in the unknown interior of Honduras, Central America. This was some years ago while the great Klondyke excitement was on in Alaska. They chose to go to Honduras, instead of Alaska, searching the country on the Julian river, in the state of Olancho, whose capital is Juticalpa, where, as the introductory note to their article relates,

"Struggling through nightmare jungles, fighting fevers and hitherto unknown wild beasts, the hardy little band of pioneers, headed by Mr. Hoyt, forced their way into the unexplored wilds of Central America in search of gold. They found it in plenty, but just when fortune seemed about to smile, disaster befell them and they had to retreat, leaving the bones of several of their party behind in that land of gold and death. The narrative gives a vivid picture of the manifold vicissitudes of the prospector's life, and shows what hardships and perils men will endure in quest of wealth."

We are interested especially in one of their adventures, because it describes the ruins of a Mayan city, built by ancient inhabitants of that land in which and in whom every student of the Book of Mormon is intensely interested. We quote from the article under the sub-title, "The Mysterious City":

"One day, at the close of the rainy season, Palmer, the *moso*, and myself, with enough rations for a two weeks' journey, started

on a prospecting trip up the Julian river. We examined the banks of the stream carefully as we went, searching for the 'lead,' or the source of the nuggets we had been panning from the bottom of the river.

"On the second day of our trip we turned up a small side-stream, which emptied into the Julian, and which proved to offer the richest possibilities we discovered in these regions. It was a narrow, shallow thread of water, flowing swiftly in the bottom of a deep canyon. This vein of water had no name, for we were the first white men who had ever walked between its banks—or, rather, its walls.

"We spent two days climbing over boulders and wading through water, when we were suddenly halted by a huge wall of rock directly in front of us. We stood at the bottom of a great three-sided shaft. I looked up into the sky at the top of the wall, where the water poured swiftly over, like oil from a pipe, and then fell at our feet with a roar. Measurements made later proved these walls to be over two hundred feet high.

"After hours of dangerous as well as strenuous work, we finally scaled the wall that confronted us, and arrived at the crest of the falls. What we beheld here was wonderful.

"Directly in front of us lay a beautiful lake, about two miles in diameter. Completely circling its waters, we found indications that there had once been a wide boulevard of some sort, paved with huge slabs of rock. Directly behind this ran seven terraces, which had once upon a time been beautified with statues, marble steps, and winding walks. On the top of the seventh terrace, among the dense undergrowth, we found scattered ruins, which indicated that highly-civilized people had lived and thrived in these regions many centuries ago. I say many centuries, advisedly, because the architecture of these ruins is of the Mongolian type, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions indicate a culture as ancient as that of the Egyptians. Scattered through the primeval forest that obscured this placid lake were pyramids rivaling those of Egypt in exactness of construction. Many of the crumbling ruins and leaning walls that had once belonged to beautiful temples were similar in appearance to the open-front temples which the Greeks raised to Minerva. Some of these walls were covered with carvings which, in spite of the corrosion of centuries, were still inches deep. These ruins were the same in architecture as others we passed a few miles from Juticalpa and Olancho. Everything indicated that the people who lived here were highly educated, and must have been skilled in architecture, sculpture and painting.

"On the top of one of these pyramids are the ruins of a massive temple, and up the centre of each of the four sides of the pyramid there is a wide stairway. These stairways have ex-

tensive stone balustrades, carved to represent serpents, the heads flanking the base of the stairways.

"The pyramids are made of huge blocks of rock, the same as those in Egypt; how they were ever moved into the position they occupy is a mystery. Undoubtedly this mysterious race of people were of the same blood as the Egyptians."

Books

Bee-Hive Girls.—The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association have issued a second edition of the very excellent "Hand Book for the Bee-Hive Girls of the Y. L. M. I. A." The work is enlarged and revised, making a handsome brochure of some sixty pages or more. It opens with a statement of the spirit of the hive: Have Faith. Seek Knowledge. Safeguard Health. Honor Womanhood. Understand Beauty. Know Work. Love Truth. Taste the sweetness of Service. Feel Joy. This is followed by a number of excellent portraits of Bee-Hive girl activities in various parts of the Church. The Bee-Hive general plan is explained, and there are two musical selections, "The Call of Womanhood," and "The Honey Gatherers' Song," by Tracy Y. Cannon. Awards, the names and symbols, meetings and programs, structural cells, etc., follow, and also a number of blank pages for record keeping. There were over 1,250 swarms of Bee-Hive girls organized in the summer of 1915; and 1,772 girls purchased the first section of chain and a much larger number made the rank of "Builder in the Hive." Doubtless for the summer of 1916, a much larger number of girls will take up the work which has had a great influence for good over the lives of thousands.

The National Education Association Year Book with a list of active members is out in the N. E. A. Bulletin for February, 1916. It covers the year, December 31, 1914, to December 31, 1915, giving also journal proceedings of the Oakland meeting with reports. D. W. Springer, secretary, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"The Golden Lamp" by Phoebe Gray, author of "Little Sir Galahad," Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, publishers, is a volume of 490 pages, containing the story of the Binford twins, of a town called Neighborhood Haven, together with the labors of certain families and individuals in their efforts to better the social conditions of a great and wicked city. The twins particularly are attractive characters, not forgetting those who have them in hand. The story holds the interest and sympathy of the reader, throughout. Romance, humor, pathos, mystery and suspense, the welfare of the twins, and a love story penetrate the text, and absorb the reader's attention. Fight against booze, and upholding of high spiritual sentiment, are splendid characteristics of the text.

"Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley," 279 pages, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, price \$1. The story of a bright little girl of the slums who was the eldest of a family of eight, and who was awakened to better things by a series of cheerful happenings, that were brought about, mainly by her own struggles. How her mother was saved from the slavery of the wash tub, how Amarilly got an education, and how prosperity came to the whole family, is the theme of the wholesome little story which one reads with varying emotions between laughs and tears. It is overdrawn, and one must condemn some of the things Amarilly led out in cheerful radiance to do, on her own account, as

dangerous for ordinary girls, without the guiding wisdom of mother; but on the whole the story awakens ambition and appeals to other boys and girls, more favorably situated than Amarilly, to do things.

Books Received.—"What Men Live By," Cabot, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, price \$1.50 net.

"Shovel Horns," "Shaggy Coat," "A Wilderness Dog," "The King of the Thundering Herd," "Piebald, King of Bronchos," by Clarence Hawkes, Geo. W. Jacobs, publishers, Philadelphia, per volume 50c.

"How to Judge a Book," Edwin L. Shuman, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, \$1.25 net.

"Stories of Thrift for Young Americans," Pritchard and Turkington, Charles Scribners Sons, New York, price \$1.00 net.

"The Greatest Books in the World," Porter, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, \$1.25 net.

"Washington's Young Spy," T. C. Harbough; "Paul Revere," "The First Shot for Liberty," "Marion and his Men," John De Morgan, David McKay, publisher, Philadelphia.

"The Diamond Story Book," by Penrhyn Wingfield Coussens, published by Duffield and Company, 211 West 33rd Street, New York, price \$1.50. Contains excellent and almost unknown stories, translated.

"The Emerald Story Book," stories and legends of spring, Nature and Easter, by Ada and Eleanor Skinner, same publishers, pp. 371 price \$1.50 net.

"The Ocean and its Mysteries," by A. Hyatt Verill. Every interesting phase of the mystic sea is treated in attractive style for young people, 189 pages, price \$1.25, Duffield and Co., New York.

"**The Peaks of the Rockies**" is a publication written by Edwin L. Sabin and distributed by the Rio Grande Railroad. It contains a list of mountain ranges in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, with the names, locations and altitudes of 155 mountains, from 12,000 to 14,000 feet in height. Colorado has one thousand peaks that rise more than two miles into the sky. One hundred and fifty of these, it is said, reach beyond 13,000 feet in altitude and there are more than twice as many peaks of 14,000 in Colorado as in any of the other states of the Union. There are thirty-three illustrations in the brochure, of the more prominent peaks, including some in Utah, Twin Peak, altitude 11,563 feet, being one of them, also Mt. Timpanogos, 11,957 feet.

Messages from the Missions

Harold R. Heath, of Gray, Idaho, writes from Adelaide, Australia,

"O lovely mountain home is ours,
Idaho, O Idaho,
Of winters mild and springtime showers,
Idaho, O Idaho,
Here breezes blow from western shore,
Where proud Pacific's billows roar,
Each year we love her more and more
Idaho, O Idaho!"

"We four, the writer, Kenneth G. Smith, Preston; Milton J. Kelley, Shelley; and Eldon M. Cook, Paris, Idaho; having lived all our lives within a fifty-mile radius of each other, chanced in this foreign land to meet; and we have labored together as the representatives of the Lord in the South Australian conference for the past seven months. We have loved our work, and through our association we have become friends for life.



"The work of the Lord has been a joy and a consolation to us, and we feel to praise God for the privilege of proclaiming his everlasting gospel. We have met a great many people, and have made many friends who have been drawn nearer to the great plan of salvation, some of whom have made wonderful sacrifices for the truth's sake.

"The war has had noticeable effects upon the minds of the people. Many have been brought to think seriously of it, and are drawing nearer unto God, while many have turned from religion entirely, some going so far as even to curse God. God is fulfilling his promise to those who are faithful, and the great gulf between the righteous and the wicked is becoming wider and wider. May God hasten the perfect day."

A Book of Mormon in the Home



Emma Kyhl, Flint, Michigan, April 30: "We are meeting with success here. In the month of April Sister Hodgson distributed 32 Books of Mormon and 26 other books, and I put out 52 Books of Mormon and 93 other books. The people here are anxious to learn more about the Book of Mormon, and are willing to let us read chapters from it when visiting them. They also enjoy reading it with us. We feel that the people will soon see the necessity of having a Book of Mormon in their home as well as the Bible. The Im-

PROVEMENT ERA comes to us as a ray of sunshine. We are always pleased to read it from start to finish, and appreciate it very much. Left to right: Emma Kyhl, Richfield, Utah; Elva Hodgson, Woodrow, Idaho."

Progress of Missionary Work Among the Mexican People

"During the past nine months that the missionary work among the Mexicans has been carried on, under the direction of President Rey L. Pratt and in connection with the Western States Mission, a decided, as well as a surprising, interest has been taken in the restored gospel of Christ by these people. President John L. Herrick recently made a trip through the territory now being worked in company with Presi-

dent Pratt. The results attending the efforts of the elders in holding meetings and in disposing of literature is singularly remarkable, considering the limited education of the Meixcan people. While there, President Herrick attended meetings at which from 65 to 125 natives were present. During the winter it was with difficulty that the elders made their way to the several school houses where the meetings are generally held. At times they have been forced to push the car through mud and snow, and in one instance having to abandon it. At this particular time, after leaving the car, and as they were approaching the school house, they saw the people arriving for the meeting from miles around the country, notwithstanding the disagreeable traveling conditions. Some were carrying wood on their backs for a fire and preparing for the meeting. The elders state that it was not until



KIT CARSON'S OLD HOME, TAOS, N. M.
President Pratt standing by building

then that they realized how deep an interest these people were taking in the message of truth, to which principles they were almost strangers. President Herrick attended meetings at Ranchos de Taos where the ancient Catholic church, built by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century is located; and at Taos, where the home of the famous frontiersman, Kit Carson still remains, as shown in the accompanying picture. The five elders including President Pratt have sold eighty Spanish Bibles, a number of testaments, and twenty Spanish Books of Mormon, which in itself is a testimony that these descendants of the Lamanites are seeking the truth."—WESTERN STATES MISSION.

The Main Theme is War

Elder Howard J. Layton, clerk of the London conference, April 17: "The missionary work here has been very much hampered by the war. Millions of people seem only to desire to hear war, war. Only few of us now remain to raise our voices in behalf of the gospel. While we may preach baptism and repentance, the desire of the people is to hear whether father, husband, or brother is alive. Where their treasures are there their hearts are also. But in spite of these adverse conditions, we are still able to accomplish some little good

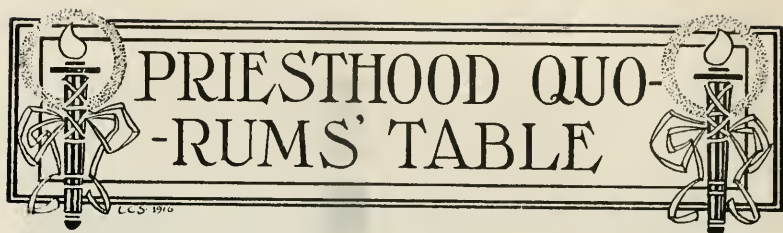
among our friends. Our main work is to keep in touch with members who are scattered over the conference. Many of these have been called into the army, leaving us with few who belong to the Priesthood in the branches. The Saints are being tried among these warring nations, and we pray that they may remain faithful and prove



worthy of the Church of Christ here upon the earth. Elders, left to right, top row: Harold A. Lambert, Kamas, Utah; William Payne, Alberta, Canada; Jesse W. Lloyd, Rexburg, Idaho; William J. Loosle, Clarkston, Utah; Joseph R. Standage, Mesa, Arizona; bottom row, Howard J. Layton, clerk of conference, Salt Lake City; James Gunn McKay, president of conference, Huntsville, Utah; Gilbert Taysom, Afton, Wyoming."

New President Swedish Mission

President Theodore Tobiason, of the Swedish mission, Stockholm, Sweden, March 31: "Whereas years ago we used to have from 100 to 150 elders to look after, we have now all told in the mission only twenty elders which includes both the local brethren and the elders from Zion. At our spring conference there will be at least six of these brethren released, among them Elder Peterson who has acted nearly two and a half years as secretary of the mission and who has been very faithful and efficient in his work. All in all, however, we are baptizing nearly as many as we did when we had a full corps of elders. Thus far during the first quarter of this year we have passed the number baptized during the first quarter for a number of years past. We would love to see forty or fifty elders join us in our work. I think we would thereby be able to do more than we have been able to do for years past as we find people quite willing to listen to the testimony of the elders, more so than for some time in the past." In this connection it should be remarked that President Tobiason, owing to the recent death of his daughter Gertrude has been released to return home after a faithful mission of 33 months. Elder A. P. Anderson was appointed President of the Swedish mission to fill the vacancy.



PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

LC'S 1970

Enrollment and Ordination

The First Presidency has sent out the following instructions, to stake presidents and bishops, on these subjects:

DEAR BRETHREN: A number of enquiries have been received of late from Presidents of stakes and quorum officers concerning enrollment in Priesthood quorums and classes. We consider this subject of sufficient importance to justify sending this letter to you, which we hope you will consider with the High Council and other stake and ward officers, and which should be entered in your stake historical record.

FIRST.—Each quorum should have one roll only, and every person holding the Priesthood should be enrolled in the quorum having jurisdiction in the ward where his Church membership is recorded. The practice of keeping a supplemental or inactive roll is not approved.

SECOND.—Recommends from one quorum to another are not required. The present arrangement for admitting members in the quorum is already published as follows:

“The certificate of ordination should be carefully preserved by the person ordained; and, whenever necessary, it should be presented to the proper authority as an evidence of his ordination. Upon this evidence he should be admitted to membership in the usual manner by the quorum having jurisdiction in the ward or stake where he resides, providing he has been accepted as a member of the ward. If he does not possess a certificate of ordination, and the recommend upon which he is received in the ward names his Priesthood and ordination, it should be accepted as evidence that he holds that office, provided there is no evidence to the contrary, and provided he has been admitted as a member of the ward in full fellowship.”

THIRD.—When a person holding the Priesthood removes from one ward to another and is accepted as a member of the ward into which he moves, it becomes the duty of the Ward Clerk to notify the president of the quorum of the arrival of this person. The new member should present his certificate of ordination as evidence that he holds the Priesthood, and upon that certificate he should be presented for admission to membership in the quorum to which members of that ward holding the same Priesthood belong. It is the duty of the Ward Clerk to report at the next ward weekly Priesthood meeting the arrival of any person holding the Priesthood, and every such newly arrived member should be enrolled in the proper class, whether he has attended a class meeting or not.

FOURTH.—When a member holding the Priesthood becomes a member of the ward, the proper quorum officer having jurisdiction should look after him and see that he becomes enrolled in the quorum.

FIFTH.—It is the duty of the secretary of a High Priests' or Elders' quorum to prepare certificates of ordination, and to have them signed by the proper officers, presented to the Ward Clerk to be entered upon the ward record, and then delivered to the persons in whose favor they are issued. Seventies' quorums, however, do not issue certificates of ordination. They are issued by the First Council of Seventy. Therefore, Seventies' quorums should not be provided with certificates. When a person is ordained to the office of Seventy

by any other person than a member of the First Council, the proper quorum officers should immediately notify the First Council of Seventy, requesting a certificate of ordination to be mailed or delivered to the quorum officer, and after it has been entered on the quorum record and the ward record it should be delivered to the person in whose favor it is issued.

SIXTH.—When a quorum withdraws its fellowship from one of its members, a report of the action of the quorum should be sent to the Bishop of the ward.

We trust that you will take such steps as may be necessary to bring this matter before the quorums of the Priesthood in your stake of Zion, so that there may be uniformity established in enrolling members in quorums and classes and in the preparation and issuing of certificates of ordination.

With kind personal regards, we are,
Your brethren in the Gospel,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
First Presidency.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 9, 1916.

Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

LESSON 16

The aim of this lesson should be to develop in the boys a sympathy for the Indians.

The problem may be as follows: How ought we to feel towards the Indians? Let several boys give answers with reasons for them.

When did they come to America? Why do they have a colored skin? (See Nephi 5:20-23.) How long ago did they alone occupy America? What have the American people done with the Indians? Tell how William Penn dealt with them. Tell of one war in which Indians have been cruelly treated by Americans. Tell President Young's policy of dealing with the Indians.

Read a promise of the Lord to the Indians (See Enos 1:10-18). When did that book, or the records of the Indians, come forth?

Relate an incident or two in which the Book of Mormon has been given to Indians to read and study.

Study the lesson in the lesson-book. Have in mind how a prominent Indian from Uintah was warned by a heavenly messenger not to do so wicked a deed as killing a servant of the Lord.

Why ought we to be sympathetic towards the Indians? Get a summary of the thoughts in the lesson. What can we do? Get answers of kind treatment when opportunity offers and occasionally pray that the Lord will fulfil all his promises to them.

LESSON 17

The aim of the following lesson might be to impress the deacons with the necessity of exercising careful judgment in selecting their companions and associates.

The problem: How may I best choose my companions? Let the boys give their views. Now let us see how President Taylor did when a young man.

Study the lesson.

What spiritual manifestations did the boy John Taylor have that gave him strong religious impressions? What opportunities do you have to be led by religious influences? Why did he choose to be a Methodist? To leave grog alone? To stop using snuff? How did Leonora Cannon come to accept him as her husband? How did John Taylor choose the "Mormons" as his people?

What are your companions influencing you to do? What opportunities do you have to know whether those things are right?

Answer the problem.

LESSON 18

The aim in lesson eighteen may be to help the boys prepare themselves to defend the Authorities of the Church, including ward or stake, in times of trouble.

Problem: How may we become strong in defense of the servants of the Lord?

Study the lesson.

What were members of the Church in Kirtland doing that brought the spirit of apostasy among the Saints? Have someone review last lesson and point out how John Taylor had grown strong for the right. Relate his testimony to those who had allowed themselves to be influenced by the spirit of the times—speculation.

Sum up the lesson with the Savior's promise, "And whoso treasurcth up my word, shall not be deceived."

Answer the problem of the lesson.

A "Happy Hour" Class

Elder Verner O. Hewlett, Halifax, England, April 6: "This is a picture of our 'happy hour class.' Sisters Lucy Walker at the left, and Sister Annie Sherman, at the right, have succeeded in making this children's organization very profitable for the children of the Latter-



day Saints and their friends in this district. To the left of the picture is our very commodious and comfortable meeting room. Twenty-two of our brethren here hold the Priesthood. They have so far been very fortunate as only three of them are at the front. Practically all of those who remain are indispensable in the manufacture of war munitions here."

Mutual Work

Annual M. I. A. and Primary Conference

The Twenty-first General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Fourteenth Annual Conference of the Primary Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1916.

All members are invited and all officers are particularly requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference, and a cordial invitation is extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle at 2 and 7 p. m. on Sunday, June 11.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
HEBER J. GRANT,
B. H. ROBERTS,

MARTHA H. TINGEY,
RUTH MAY FOX,
MAE T. NYSTROM,

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.

Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

LOUIE B. FELT,
MAY ANDERSON,
CLARA W. BEEBE,

Presidency Primary Association.

Program General M. I. A. Conference

The program, as far as completed, is as follows:

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1916, M. I. A. SCOUT PROGRAM

10 A. M.—BISHOP'S BUILDING.

Good speakers will discuss the following topics:

(I) The Tenderfoot Scout. (II) The Second Class Scout
(III) The First Class Scout, (IV) Additional Programs. (V) The
Daily Good Turn.

2 P. M.—BISHOP'S BUILDING.

(I) Hikes. (II) Summer Camps. (III) Scout Songs, Yells
and Signals. (IV) Scout Problems. (V) Training of Leaders. (VI)
Discipline and Management of Boys.

8 P. M.—DESERET GYMNASIUM.—COUNCIL FIRE MEETING.

This meeting will be devoted to a demonstration of a campfire
gathering including a program of scout songs, exercises, stories and
talks.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9

10 A. M.—JOINT OFFICERS' MEETING.—ASSEMBLY HALL.

(I) Opening Exercises. (II) Reading of the Slogan: "We
stand for state- and nation-wide prohibition," Elder Heber J. Grant.
(III) "Special Activities, 1916-17," Clarissa A. Beesley, 20 minutes.
(IV) "The Reading Course," Jane B. Anderson. (V) "Annual Fall
Conventions," Bryant S. Hinckley. (VI) "Demonstration of an M.

I. A. Ward Association Meeting," Oscar A. Kirkham, directing. (a) Preliminary Officers' Meeting. (b) Preliminary Program. (1) Talk on Shakespeare, Harold Goff. (2) Reading from Shakespeare, Edith R. Lovesy. (3) Music. (c) Class Work, Dr. George H. Brimhall. (d) Stake Officers and their Relation to the Ward Association.

2 P. M.—TRY-OUTS IN MUSIC AND PUBLIC SPEAKING.—ASSEMBLY HALL AND BISHOP'S BUILDING.

Music, in charge of Oscar A. Kirkham and Mabel Cooper. Assembly Hall.

Public Speaking in charge of John F. Bowman and Emily C. Adams, Bishop's Building.

8 P. M.—RECEPTION AND SOCIAL FOR VISITING STAKE OFFICERS, IN HOTEL UTAH, TENDERED BY THE GENERAL BOARDS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10

10 A. M.—SEPARATE Y. M. M. I. A. OFFICERS' MEETINGS

(I) Roll Call of Stakes. (II) "Membership and Organization," 10 minutes. (III) "Vocations and Industries," 15 minutes. (IV) "Class Study, Manuals, 1916," 20 minutes. (V) Reports—ERA and Fund, 15 minutes. (VI) "Efficiency in Y. M. M. I. A. Work," 25 minutes. (VII) "Summary," Heber J. Grant.

12 NOON.

At 12 o'clock the Social Committee will provide luncheon for General Board and Stake Superintendents only. "Problems in Stake Supervision and Work," will be discussed by stake superintendents and General Board members.

3:30 P. M.—MEETING OF ALL OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

"Overcoming Difficulties in M. I. A. Work," introduced by B. S. Hinkley, to be followed by two-minute speeches from stake superintendents who are requested to come prepared.

7:30 P. M.—GRAND FINALS, IN SENIOR SPEAKING AND MALE AND LADIES' QUARTETS.

Music and public speaking, and the rendition of the "Daughter of Jairus" by the combined mixed double quartets of Pioneer Stake M. I. A., Tracy Y. Cannon conducting. Presentation of medals to winners in contests, awarding of Church pennant, Assembly Hall, 8 p. m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11

8:30 A. M.—A FAST AND TESTIMONY MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL.

All M. I. A. Workers are Welcome.

10:30 A. M.—JOINT M. I. A OFFICERS' MEETING IN TABERNACLE.

(I) M. I. A. Slogan, Dr. George H. Brimhall. (II) "Social Work," Lucy W. Smith. (III) Address, President Joseph F. Smith. (IV) Music, Junior Boys' Chorus of Granite Stake, and Junior Girls' Chorus of Liberty Stake.

2:00 P. M.—GENERAL SESSIONS, TABERNACLE.

(I) Address, "How the Gospel can be Taught Through Pioneer Experiences," President Nephi L. Morris, for the Primary Association. (II) Address, General President Y. L. M. I. A. (III) Ad-

dress, General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A. (IV) Music, Tabernacle Choir.

7:00 P. M.—GENERAL SESSION, TABERNACLE.

(I) Address, Marian Belnap Kerr, Primary Association. (II) Address, "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people," Elder B. H. Roberts. (III) Music, Ladies' Chorus, Ogden Stake, and Male Chorus, Ensign Stake.

The General Boards request that all delegates, from all the stakes, wear stake badges which each stake is expected to provide. The usual annual conference rates will be in effect.



TROOP NO. 1., DUCHESNE

The boys took an overnight hike April 1, 1916, up Indian canyon. Jay C. Jensen, scout master. The picture shows them ready for travel

M. I. A. Day

Special Activities—Scoring for Pennant

As a sample of what one ward can do in the matter of obtaining points for the special activities in the Mutual Improvement Association work, the Ninth ward of the Liberty stake of Zion has perhaps reached the greatest efficiency. The result which follows has been achieved through hard work and honest effort on the part of nearly every member of the entire organization. The officers wish it understood that their object has not been to score points alone. The scoring was merely an incentive to work towards their great object—the personal development of every member. They recognized the

possibility that members in their eagerness to score points might neglect preparation. To avoid this the officers adopted a set of rigid rules which demanded better preparation than either the rules of the stake or of the Church. They "cut out" many of the points, because of lack of preparation, which were perfectly legitimate according to the rules of both stake and Church. The officers consider that much of the benefit derived from speech-making, story-telling, chorus and quartet work, comes as a result of previous preparation, and they therefore put forth every effort to obtain preparation from the members and, as far, say the officers, as the report which follows is concerned, every point is a result of hours of precious preparation. Another thought, they did not allow activity work to interfere in any way with the regular class and other Mutual work. Both the Young Men and the Young Ladies, so the officers report, fully covered their respective courses of study, and only on one or two unavoidable occasions did they allow the preliminary program to run over time.

Herbert B. Maw, president of the Young Men's association, closes his report to the ERA with these words: "Besides what we have done in general activity work, we have organized one boys' band and one orchestra, and since Mutual closed a second orchestra. We recommend to the General Board that band and orchestra work be made a part of the general activity work next season. The score for the season's work, 1915-16, in the Ninth ward follows:

<i>Books</i>	<i>Read</i>	<i>Heard Read</i>	<i>No. Points</i>
"Joseph Smith, the Prophet-Teacher".....	50	44	144
"Study of Greatness in Men".....	20	0	40
"The Play-House".....	82	42	206
"Daughter of the North".....	50	6	106
"Little Sir Galahad".....	80	1	161
"Lance of Kanana".....	73	32	178
"Twenty-fourth of June".....	50	2	102
"Rolf in the Woods".....	38	1	77
Total.....	443	128	1,014

	<i>Number</i>	<i>No. Points</i>
Senior Public Speaking.....	78	234
Extemporaneous Address.....	43	129
Retold Story.....	101	303
Total.....	222	666

<i>Music</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>First Appearance</i>	<i>Second Appearance</i>	<i>Number Points</i>
Ladies' Chorus.....	7	7	59	247
Male Chorus.....	5	5	6	68
Ladies' Quartet.....	1	1	1	7
Male Quartet.....	2	2	8	26
Double Mixed Quartet.....	2	2	0	20
Total.....	17	17	74	368

<i>Drama</i>	1	1	0	15
--------------------	---	---	---	----

Total points for season.....2,063

Total Church population of ward.....	698
Total enrollment in Mutuals.....	132

Officers of the Ninth ward M. I. A., Liberty stake:

Y. M. M. I. A.—Herbert B. Maw, president; Robert W. Divett, first counselor; Edwin Blomquist, second counselor.

Y. L. M. I. A.—Daisy Booth, president; Vica Marler, first counselor; Nora Jackman, second counselor.

W. A. Jackman, score master.

PASSING EVENTS

The United States Steel Corporation netted a profit of about sixty million dollars for the first three months of 1916.

In the "Sussex" matter, Germany, in a note to Washington, May 10, acknowledges responsibility of torpedoing the channel steamer, expresses regrets, and offers indemnities.

A heavy frost injured much of the fruit and other products of the farm, during the week May 8 to 13. Peaches, pears, apples, prunes, apricots and plums, as well as strawberries, raspberries, potatoes and garden truck were badly damaged. The alfalfa crop was badly frozen and in some places the farmers were obliged to cut it, in order to insure a good second crop.

The state Republican Delegation from Utah to the National Convention at Chicago, consists of the following members chosen at Provo, May 1st: Senators Smoot and Sutherland, Governor Spry, and A. R. Heywood; alternates: Mrs. Elizabeth Williams and Mrs. Heber M. Cummings, Salt Lake City, James A. Anderson, Morgan, and Henry Welsh.

The British expedition to Mesopotamia came to an unfortunate end in the latter part of April. The British forces under General Townshend were defeated near Bagdad, at Kut-el-Amara. After holding out for one hundred and forty-three days against overwhelming odds, General Townshend surrendered on April 29, at Kut, his army consisting of 2,970 British and some six thousand Indian troops and their followers.

Miss Josephine Chambers, formerly principal of the Bonneville and Ensign schools, born in Ogden, the daughter of John and Maria Chambers, died in Salt Lake City, April 16. She was a graduate of the University of Utah and had spent seventeen years in the public schools as a teacher, having exceptional ability as an educator, and possessing the faculty of establishing and remaining on congenial terms with teachers, parents and children.

William Glassman, speaker of the House of Representatives of the fourth legislature of Utah, three times mayor of Ogden, publisher of the "Ogden Standard," and a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from the first district, Utah, died on Friday, May 12, at his home in Ogden, of rheumatism of the heart. He was born November 21, 1858, and has been a leading character in Utah politics, and newspaper circles for many years.

Ernest A. Smith, Ph. D., of Meadville, Pa., was selected, by the Board of Education, April 24, as provisional superintendent of schools of Salt Lake City to succeed D. H. Christensen, resigned. Dr. Smith was born at Fletcher, Ohio, July 4, 1868, and received his degree of A.B. at the Ohio Wesleyan university, and his degree of A.M., in 1891. He graduated in 1900 from Johns Hopkins University, with the degree of Ph.D., and studied at Oxford, England, in 1906, and in the University of London in 1907.

Gertrude Tobiason, superintendent of the Salt Lake Maternity Hospital, died April 27 while undergoing an operation. She was the

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tobiason of Forest Dale and was born in this city twenty-nine years ago. She graduated as a nurse in Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1910, and was made superintendent of the local hospital two years ago. Her father, at the time of her death, was presiding in Stockholm, Sweden, over the Swedish mission, where he has labored for nearly three years, since Aug. 14, 1913.

The Great War. In a Berlin interview, May 16, General Helmuth Von Moltke, expressed the opinion that the entente allies will not be able to accomplish more in the future than they have in the past, which "is nothing." He said the Germans were gaining slowly and surely at Verdun, where the French have concentrated almost all their reserves. He said the central powers were able to make all the ammunition they require. At first they had the advantage in this respect, over the allies, but American shipments had now equalized the situation.

Dorothy Dean Spencer, age nineteen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Spencer, General Passenger Agent, Oregon Short Line, died on Saturday, May 13. She was born in Salt Lake City April 23, 1897, and received her early education in the grade schools here, and later in the L. D. S. Business College. Being exceptionally gifted with beauty and charm of manner, her lovable character held the deep affection of her teachers, schoolmates and friends. She studied the violin several years and was a member of the West Side high school orchestra, and in her religious duties was active in the organizations of the Church.

Harvey H. Cluff, born January 9, 1836, Kirtland, Ohio, a pioneer of Utah in 1850, died in Provo, April 19. The Cluff family joined the Church in 1832, and endured the hardships of the "Mormon" people in those early days. Elder Cluff spent twenty-five years of his life on missions. In both civil and religious affairs, and in colonization, he was one of the leaders among the pioneers of Utah, and aided in every way in building up the country and establishing the people. He filled a mission to Great Britain and two to the Sandwich Islands. For the last year and a half he spent his time continuously at work in the Salt Lake Temple, having made his residence in Salt Lake for that purpose.

Mrs. Mary Whitney Ensign, wife of Horace S. Ensign Jr., secretary of the State Fair Association, died April 27, 1916, at her home in Salt Lake City. She was the daughter of Horace K. and Mary Cravath Whitney, and was born in Salt Lake City August 17, 1872. She married Horace S. Ensign, June 21, 1894. She accompanied her husband on two missions, one to Colorado, in 1897, and the other to Japan, in 1902. She was an active Church worker all her life, and at the time of her death held the position of president of the Primary association of the eighteenth ward. She was a great lover of music, and a member of the tabernacle and eighteenth ward choirs. Of a sunny and lovable disposition, she had a wide circle of friends who learned to love her because of her sympathy, tact and cheerfulness.

President Joseph F. Smith and Mrs. Julina Lamson Smith celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the Bee-Hive House, Friday, May 5. There was an informal reception of relatives and a few close friends including Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, of the First Presidency, members of the Council of Twelve, and the General Board of Relief Society. Two hundred and fifty invitations were issued. The rooms were beautifully decorated in

yellow and white, with green ferns and smilax, and a Hawaiian orchestra rendered music. President and Mrs. Smith received congratulations from very many friends on the auspicious occasion. They were married May 5, 1866, and have had eleven children, all being alive except the first child who died at the age of three. Mrs. Smith also adopted two children. There are thirty-seven grandchildren the oldest and youngest being children of Bishop David A. Smith.

A most interesting centenary, celebrated in May, this year, was that of the organization of the American Bible Society. One hundred years ago, thirty-five local Bible societies of New York organized for work in frontier settlements to increase the circulation of the scriptures. From that beginning has grown a marvelous agency for the distribution of the Bible known as the American Bible Society. Over 115,000,000 volumes have been distributed by them throughout the world. The scriptures have been translated into seven hundred languages and dialects, and it is reported that \$39,000,000 have been spent. Through the devoted agents of this organization, millions of people have been privileged to receive and read the scriptures. The first president of the society was Elias Boudinot, formerly a president of the Continental Congress; and John Jay, the great jurist and diplomat, was its second president. John Quincy Adams early acted as a vice president.

Louis F. Moench, veteran educator and pioneer in Utah school circles, and first principal of the Weber Stake Academy, died in Ogden April 25. He was sixty-nine years of age, was born in Germany, where he received his early education, which he continued later in Chicago. While on his way to California to teach, in 1867, he was converted to the "Mormon" faith and remained in Utah. He taught in the old Deseret university, in the public schools, and later the Church academies. For thirty years, previous to 1902, Professor Moench was connected with the schools of Ogden. For nine years he was principal of the city schools, and was the first principal of the Central school. For nearly ten years he was superintendent of schools of Weber county. He taught in the Weber Stake Academy, which he was instrumental in founding, for nine years, and later in the schools of Manassa, Colorado, Snowflake, Arizona, and Hinckley, Millard county, Utah. He held many important Church positions, filled several missions and was a worker in the Sabbath schools of Weber county for many years, under Supt. Richard Ballantyne.

Mexican matters came to a standstill at Parral. During the latter part of April, parties were sent out from headquarters of the United States expedition with no results as far as finding Villa was concerned. On April 29, a conference was begun between General Hugh L. Scott, General Funston, and General Obregon, at El Paso. A new raid was made on Glen Springs on the 5th of May, by unknown bandits, who crossed the Rio Grande into Brewster county, Texas, and attacked a detachment of nine cavalrymen, killing three, and a ten-year old boy. The conference between Generals Scott and Funston, and General Obregon, was interrupted by this incident, but later a tentative agreement was reached, according to the telegrams, that would provide for an active campaign by Carranza troops against bandits in the region south of the present line of the expedition, and also for a gradual withdrawal of the American forces to the border as the ability of the Mexican troops to adequately police the country was demonstrated. On May 11th the conference, after two weeks of discussion ended with no definite agreement. The whole matter was

referred to Washington, and the Mexican *de facto* government to be settled through diplomatic channels.

A rebellion broke out in Dublin at noon, April 23. A large party of men, according to the dispatches, who were identified with the Sinn Fein, or Fenian party, mostly armed, occupied Stephens' Green, Dublin, took possession forcibly of the postoffice, cut telegraph and telephone wires, and occupied a number of private houses. They formed a "provisional government of the Irish republic," and issued a proclamation to the Irish people. They cut the wires, thus isolating themselves, but one wire was overlooked, over which information was sent to the government officials who arrived and finally took mastery of the situation. Several military officers, soldiers and policemen were killed and a number wounded. Sir Roger Casement was found to be in sympathy with the movement. He was caught, almost coincident with the outbreak, while attempting to land arms in Ireland from a German vessel in aid of the revolt. On the 25th, Liberty Hall was shelled by a British gunboat, and on the 27th the whole of Ireland was put under martial law. Six days or more of street fighting followed, during which the noncombatant population suffered severely and many were killed, including women and children. Arrangements had been made for simultaneous uprisings in various parts of Ireland, and these did take place, though none of them except that in Dublin seems to have been serious. Sir Roger Casement had been in Germany where he had connived secretly to receive German support. About the time the revolt broke out, a German auxiliary cruiser was sunk by British ships off the coast of Ireland, while attempting to land a cargo of arms. Among the prisoners taken was Sir Roger Casement who was for many years in the British consular service. When the war broke out he allied himself with the Germans with a view to bringing about the liberation of Ireland, and he labored to induce Irish prisoners in Germany to fight against England. The insurrection was practically quelled at the end of the week, although snipers were still being rounded up during the week following. It is estimated that at least nine million dollars of property was destroyed in Dublin alone. The government troops took more than a thousand prisoners to London. The immediate leaders of the Sinn Fein society were tried by court martial, and some eight were immediately shot; thirty to forty others were sentenced to death or commuted to imprisonment for life. Peter H. Pearse, president of the would-be Irish republic, was executed, also Joseph Plunket, the eighth member of his family to be executed for treason. The others were Michael O'Hanrahan, Edward Dalley, Thomas J. Clark, Major John McBride, an officer in the Boer war; Thomas MacDonagh, a poet and school master. James M. Sullivan, former American minister to San Domingo, was also arrested for participation in the rebellion but later released. The insurgents, in other parts of the country, gave up when they heard of the failure of the scheme in Dublin. Augustine Birrell, who was the chief secretary for Ireland, and who was held responsible for the lack of preparation for this unexpected revolution, resigned his position May 3. Sir Roger Casement, on May 15, was given a preliminary examination on the charge of high treason. The testimony showed that he carried on recruiting in the German prison camps. He was knighted in 1911 for services to the British government. He has previously been known chiefly for his activities as British consul in behalf of mistreated natives in the Putumayo rubber fields of South America, and he it was who reported to the English government on the Belgian rubber field atrocities.



Administration Building, University of Utah

The University of Utah Summer School

SALT LAKE CITY

June 12 to July 21, 1916

Opportunities for Mutual Improvement Workers

Vocational

Guidance

Not a course in How to Succeed or in finding jobs. A course designed to help you to help the boys and girls in your charge to discover and develop such power as they may have to do their work in the world. Professor C. D. Steiner will give the course. Lectures and conferences by Professor William McKeever of the University of Kansas and Mr. J. Adams Puffer, Director of the Beacon Vocation Bureau of Boston.

Play

Production

A popular, non-professional course in practical, amateur stage technique. This course will not pretend to train actors for the professional stage, but will endeavor to assist those who wish to coach, manage, or take part in amateur dramatics in the community in which they live. Instruction in the organization of dramatic clubs, the casting of parts, stage direction, stage management, stage setting, stage lighting, makeup, costuming, and actual play production. All plays will be produced, managed, and directed by the students, and staged before the summer school population. The course will be given by Professor Maud May Babcock.

These are but two of the seventy odd courses offered by the Summer School. The range is so wide and varied that no matter what the training and interests of the student he will find work which he can do with advantage and pleasure.



Another of the University Buildings

N. C. Poulsen, Secretary Northern States Mission, Chicago, April 5: "From every side we hear words of the highest praise for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and the articles contained therein."

Jack E. Bent of the Liverpool conference, England, writes February 24: "The IMPROVEMENT ERA is an important factor in our work and many have expressed their satisfaction of the many moral and character-building articles contained therein. I wish you continued success."

Joseph Harper, of the Raft River Stake Presidency, Almo, Idaho, writes: "The value of the ERA to me cannot be estimated in money. It has been a strength and guide to me from its beginning. It is hailed in our homes as an intellectual adviser, is food for the mind, and a character builder. The truth of its contents is invaluable."

The winning story in the April IMPROVEMENT ERA contest is "Restraining Hands," by Elsie Chamberlain Carroll. This story will appear in the July number which will be largely devoted to stories for summer reading. If you wish extra copies to send to your friends at the camp, the ranch, on the mountains, or on vacations, send your order with 20 cents, for single copy, or \$1 for six, sent to as many addresses direct from the office. You have paid 50 cents and \$1 for story books of less value than the July ERA. It will be mailed June 26, and will be brim full of delightful reading.

Improvement Era, June, 1916

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM WITH MANUAL FREE

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter

Address, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

JOSEPH F. SMITH, } Editors HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
EDWARD H. ANDERSON, } MORONI SNOW, Assistant

Portrait of Prest. Joseph F. Smith.....	Frontispiece
Joseph F. Smith.....	C. C. Goodwin..... 669
The Pioneers	C. C. Goodwin..... 671
The Character of Brigham Young.....	Preston Nibley 673
What Love Is. A Poem.....	Orson F. Whitney..... 682
"Experience"	Dr. James E. Talmage..... 684
The Silent Land. A Poem.....	Frank C. Steele..... 688
Traveling Over Forgotten Trails.—IV.	
Illustrated	Hon. Anthony W. Ivins.... 689
It Can Be Done. A Poem.....	694
Life Perfect. A Poem.....	Alfred Lambourne 695
The Ruin Prohibition Brought to Kansas.....	Henry J. Allen..... 696
Outlines for Scout Workers. Illustrated	Delbert W. Parratt, B. S... 701
The Meaning of Education.....	E. G. Peterson, Ph. D... 704
Criticism of the "Higher Critics".....	Robert C. Webb..... 706
Rest. A Poem.....	Ila Fisher 713
The Lake Regions of the Uintahs. Illustrated	H. Cardwell Clegg..... 714
The World's Debt to Joseph Smith.....	Elder O. F. Whitney..... 718
The Use of the Tongue.....	John Henry Evans..... 720
The Bird Killers and Their Victims.....	J. H. Paul..... 725
Shall the Man go Free? A Poem.....	Grace Ingles Frost..... 728
The Testing of Gilda. Prize Story.....	Nephi Anderson 729
The Church Stands for Prohibition.....	Elder Anthony W. Ivins.. 738
"Mormonism" Makes for Good Citizenship....	Bishop Charles W. Nibley.. 741
Editors' Table—A Few Reminders for Voters—	
The Mysterious City—Books.....	744
Messages from the Missions.....	748
Priesthood Quorums' Table.....	752
Mutual Work	755
Passing Events	759

YOUR BOYS and YOUR GIRLS

WANT INTERESTING
BOOKS TO READ

Give them interesting
Books - But be sure
they are wholesome.

Let us give a list of
"GOOD BOOKS"

DESERET
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
BOOK STORE
44 EAST ON SOUTH TEMPLE
SALT LAKE CITY



The Most Interesting, Inspiring and Beautiful Scenic Sections of the West

ARE REACHED VIA



Including

Ogden Canyon
Bear River Canyon
Shoshone Falls
Yellowstone Park
Jackson Hole Country
Lost River Country
Wood River Country
The Snake River
Payette Lakes Country
Columbia River and
Pacific Coast Resorts

For Descriptive Literature, address

D. E. BURLEY,
General Passenger Agt
O.S.L., Salt Lake City, Ut.

FOR GRADUATION WEDDING & GIFTS BIRTHDAY

COME TO
JENSENS

We save you money. Watch and
Jewelry repairing a specialty.

J. S. JENSEN & SONS
71 Main St., Salt Lake City
Established 1875

Athletic Organizations
Both Church and School
will find it greatly to their profit to consult us about their
Season's Requirements.

Send postal for 150 page free catalog and for information about our special prices
to clubs.



BROWNING BROS. CO., Ogden, Utah

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"Utah's Most Popular
Music House"



We Guarantee to Equal in Every Instance, and Excel

in most instances—any piano or
player-piano offer made you else-
where no matter how tempting
that offer may be.

*We prepay the freight and arrange quarterly, half yearly or yearly
terms if you don't desire cash or monthly terms.*

Write for Catalog, Prices and Terms

Gentlemen:

Please send me catalogs of Pianos and
Player-pianos mentioned in the Improvement
Era.

Name

Address

Send in the coupon.

Get our Special offers.

Daynes Beebe Music Co.
ESTABLISHED 1860
45 MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
"OLDER THAN THE STATE OF UTAH"

LIFE INSURANCE

Protects your family if you die

Protects you if you live

Ask about our plan which helps you to accumulate
an estate at the same time you are protecting your family.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

ASSETS
MORE
THAN A
MILLION
DOLLARS

Beneficial Life Insurance Company

Joseph F. Smith, President

Vermont Bldg., Salt Lake

Lorenzo N. Stehl, Vice-Pres. & Mgr

FARM
IMPLEMENTS
VEHICLES
HARDWARE

Consolidated
WAGON & MACHINE
Company
W & M
CO

DIRECTORS

JOSEPH F. SMITH
W. S. McCORNICK
THOMAS R. CUTLER
WILLIAM SPRY
HEBER SCOWCROFT
W. W. ARMSTRONG
R. P. MORRIS

GEO. T. ODELL
G. G. WRIGHT
JAMES H. MOYLE
C. S. BURTON
JAS. L. WRATHALL
MALCOLM A. KEYSER
GRANT HAMPTON

50
STORES
IN
UTAH
AND
IDAHO

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT ERA